

SATURDAY NIGHT

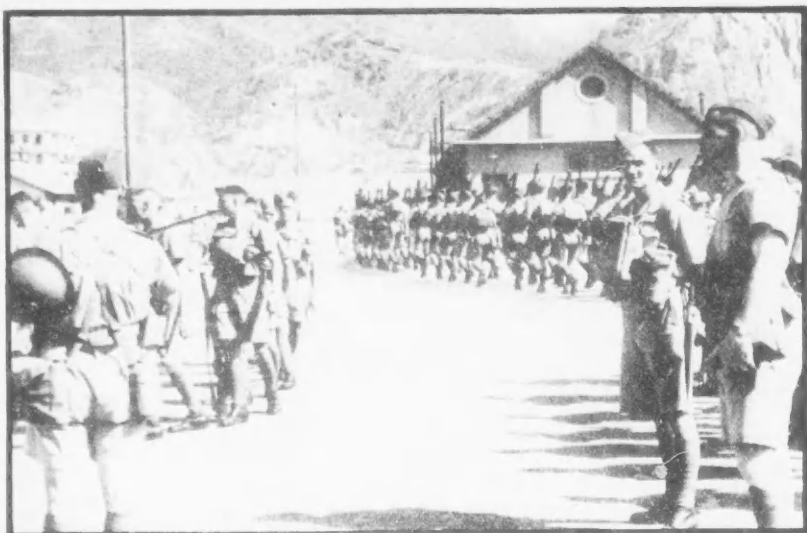


TEN CENTS
VOL. 57, NO. 18

JANUARY 10
TORONTO, 1942

Winston Churchill in Canada: "We Have Suffered Together and We Shall Conquer Together"
... "If Anyone Wants to Play Rough, We Can Play Rough Too."

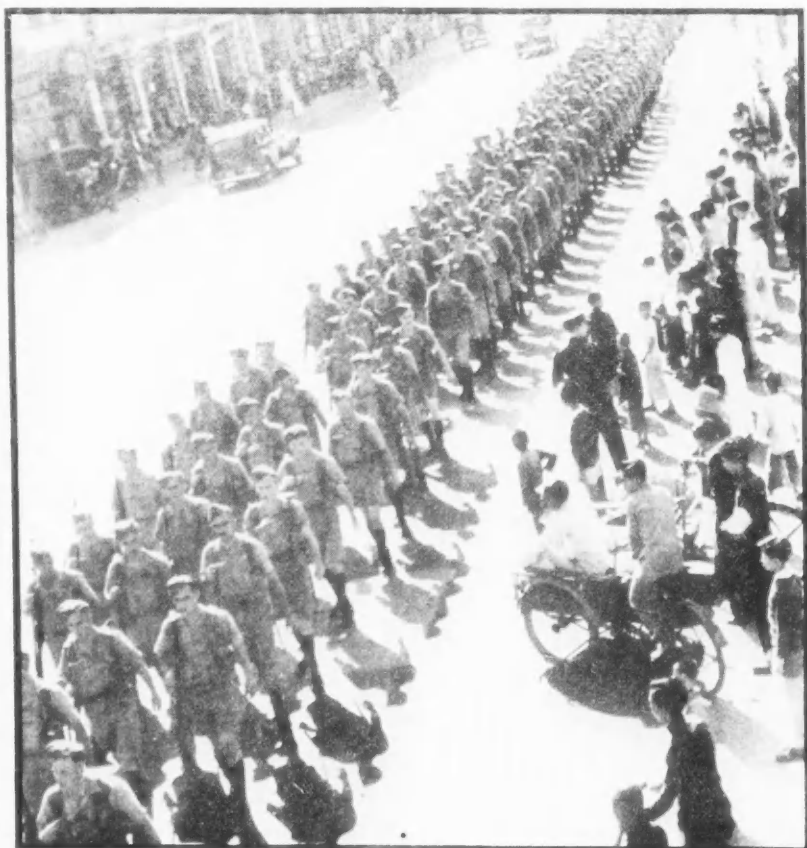
—Photo by Karsb, Ottawa.



After a gallant two-weeks' stand against overwhelming Japanese forces, the garrison of Hong Kong had to surrender. Among the defenders were some 2,000 Canadians of the Royal Rifles of Canada (Quebec) and the Winnipeg Grenadiers. No Canadian casualty list had been published early this week, but a Foreign Office bulletin announced that "civilian and military casualties were heavy." Above: the first Canadian defenders arrive in Hong Kong and set out for stations in Hong Kong's hills.



Step by step the British, Sikh and Canadian garrison fought across the mainland section of the Hong Kong colony and then held out desperately and with little hope in the fortified hills. As the Japanese tore away one after another of Hong Kong's settlements, and smashed water mains by shelling and bombardment, water supplies of the garrison ran out. Finally, water shortage and the complete hopelessness of further resistance forced Governor Sir Mark Young to surrender. Terms of surrender were agreed upon by the Governor and Japanese Army men in the Peninsular Hotel in Kowloon, across Victoria Island from Hong Kong Island. Said Defence Minister Ralston: "News that fighting has ceased in Hong Kong marks the end of one of the most gallant episodes in the history of Canadian arms." Domei, the Japanese news agency, chortled that the fall of Hong Kong "marks the banishment of the last vestige of British imperialism on Chinese soil." Above: Hong Kong's G.O.C. C. M. Maltby chats with Brig. J. K. Lawson, since reported killed in action (right). Below: Canadian troops march through Hong Kong.



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DEAR MR. EDITOR

Pacifism and the Bible

EDITOR SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR comment of December 27 on my differences with the editor of the *Canadian Tribune* you warn me not to look for pacifist arguments in the Book of Judges, and express surprise that I should have so little understanding of the spirit of that Book. May I express similar wonder that so experienced a traveller as yourself should venture into the field of Biblical criticism where more nimble feet than yours have been trapped?

There are two stories in the Book of Judges about the decisive battle for the conquest of Canaan, one a prose narrative in chapter 4 and the other a poetic story in chapter 5. You quote from chapter 4 to show that it was the sword of Barak—led of course by his God Jahve, who was himself some fighter—that wrought the victory. I quoted from the poem, which gives quite a different reason. The poet sees other than military forces at work. Near the beginning of the poem he describes the coming of Jahve, riding on the storm and making the earth tremble with his thunder. Later he tells us how, under a terrific rainstorm, the brook Kishon overflowed its banks and became a raging torrent, turning the alluvial soil into a sea of mud which discomfited the chariots of Sisera. I quote Moffatt's translation: "On came the kings, came at them, Canaan's kings came at them! . . . the very stars in heaven were fighting, fighting Sisera from their spheres; Kishon's torrent swept them off, Kishon's torrent in their faces."

I do not look for arguments for pacifism in the Book of Judges, which reflects conditions in a semi-barbarous time—conditions to which, deplorably, the world is now relapsing—when it was thought that human welfare might be furthered by force of arms. I look for them rather in the later strata of the Hebrew writings, especially in the words of the prophets, and more especially in the story by the "Second" Isaiah of the Suffering Servant of Jahve. I look for them in the teachings of Jesus, on whose sanity I continue to bet though I do not find my church with me.

During and after the Great War we plucked much Dead Sea fruit, the seed of which we scattered widely, the fruit of which seed has brought the present catastrophe about. I see no indication that we will do otherwise after the present war. While we boast that we are fighting to save "Christian civilization" we busy ourselves destroying it.

CHAS. H. HUESTIS,
Edmonton, Alberta.

Our objection was, and still is, to the suggestion of Dr. Huestis that it is never necessary to draw the sword in the defence of any cause however

excellent, or against any evil however terrible, because "the stars in their courses fight against the Siseras." That the writer of the triumph song of Deborah "sees other than military forces at work" is true; but those forces were accessory to the valor of the fighting men, whereas Dr. Huestis in his original article was using the poet's language as an argument for doing no fighting at all. Does the poet's version justify that proceeding? It most certainly does not. The poet is very angry with certain tribes which abstained from the battle ("Curse ye Meroz, . . . because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.") and very proud of Zebulun and Naphtali, "a people that jeopardized their lives unto the death in the high places of the field." However, since Dr. Huestis goes on to present us with the whole Book of Judges, including the hymn of triumph, as having nothing to do with his case, we do not know just why he is so insistent on the two versions of the battle. They are both equally militaristic, even if the first does omit mention of the Kishon flood.

Churchill and Vichy

EDITOR SATURDAY NIGHT:

WHY don't you give your good friend and fellow Vichyite, the Hon. Mr. Justice Surveyer, a few columns in your anti-British and pro-Mackenzie King journal to reply to the Right Hon. Winston Churchill's castigation of the French Government last Tuesday? You fellows should stick together, you know. Wishing you and all other Quislings a disastrous New Year.

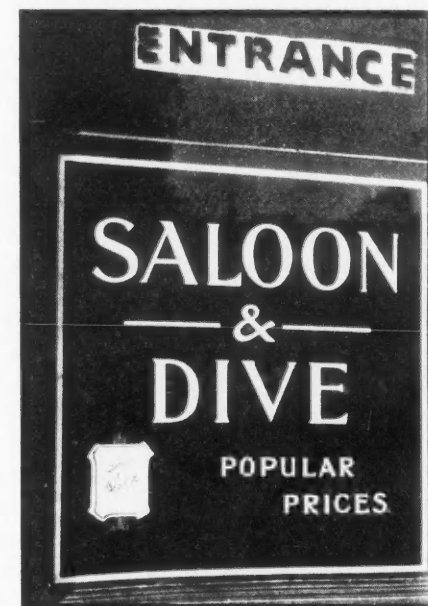
Corral Rapids, Ont. WM. GILSON.

We do not know what Mr. Justice Surveyer thinks of the eloquent language of Mr. Churchill concerning the men who were responsible for the acceptance of the armistice by France, but we doubt if he would take any exception to it. Nor do we know why Mr. Gilson calls us Vichyite, unless it is because we have suggested that there may be sound reasons for the maintenance of diplomatic relations with France by Canada and the United States. How long those reasons will continue to be good is also another question; but in the meantime the French fleet is still not fighting against us.—Ed.

British Have Dives

EDITOR SATURDAY NIGHT:

I THOUGHT your readers might be interested in knowing of what seems to be a new development in English terminology. The accompanying photograph is that of the door of a popular restaurant with a



British Have Dives

lunchroom in the basement—which I fancy is called a "dive" because you have to dive down a steep flight of stairs to get to it. Unlike the institutions which are called by this term (but do not admit it) in Canada, this "dive" is entirely and completely respectable, and serves a good (for wartime England) meal at a reasonable price.

London, England S. S. WILCOX

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THE FRONT PAGE

MR. CHURCHILL'S visit to Canada gave the Canadian public a chance to indulge in a bit of hero-worship—slightly vicarious, since only a few thousand of them had a chance of cheering for him in his presence—for which they have been longing ever since the war began; the psychological effect was most valuable. There is no questioning the magnetic influence which the British Prime Minister exercises upon all those to whom he addresses himself; and he addressed the whole Canadian people from the table of their House of Commons, and must have been actually heard by a very large proportion of them. His speech was a masterpiece of tact and good judgment, which left the nation more confident and more united than it has been at any time since the war began; and its French passage was a rousing appeal to French Canada to realize to what an extent this is a war for the preservation of the true glory and freedom of their mother country.

The almost magic power wielded in this emergency by Mr. Churchill is by no means all due to his mastery of words, great as that is. Much more is it due to the compelling influence of his personality. It has been well explained by the editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press* in his comment on last week's utterance: "He can be cheerful as to performance and prospects without inviting complacency; he can tell of dangers and demand sacrifices in bold and uncompromising language without inducing despondency." It is not what he says alone that produces this effect; it is what he says and what he is. No leader since Lincoln has had the same genius for inspiring men and women to faith and to devotion.

Where Are the Dailies?

THE mystery of Controller Duncan and the Toronto daily newspapers grows with each succeeding year. Here is a man with so tremendous a popular following that he gets himself elected to the Board of Control at the head of the poll, not only without a single daily newspaper in the city supporting him but with every one of them in active opposition. If Mr. Duncan were a mere demagogue with a plausible tongue and a talent for handshaking, this would be comprehensible; the newspapers could claim that they were trying to protect the electorate from its own weaknesses. But Mr. Duncan is nothing of the kind; he is a somewhat aloof personality, a very brilliant lawyer, of unimpeachable honesty, with no oratorical tricks, and practically no political assets except an immense industry and a determination to get as much light as possible penetrate into the darker corners of the City Hall. It is questionable whether the support of a newspaper would now be an asset to him at all; the public seems to have concluded that the unanimous opposition of the daily newspapers is due to the fact that they unanimously prefer not to have light shed in the City Hall, and it is not a long step from that to the conclusion that light must need to be shed. It cannot be altogether pleasant to the owners and editors of these newspapers to find that public confidence in their judgment—or their sincerity—is so limited.

Theology as Science

IT WILL, we fancy, come as a cause of some surprise to the average Canadian Christian layman to learn that last year the University of Birmingham, the second city of the Empire in population, established a professorship of Theology, and not only that, but that in so doing it was following the example of another of the "new" universities, the University of London, the greatest of the Empire's cities. These chairs, it must be remembered, are not associated with any religious denomination; the universities of which they are an essential part are entirely free from church control. Their purpose is to teach theology as any other subject is taught, with truth for the objective, and with scientific principles in control of the methods. *The Modern Churchman*, an English monthly whose attitude may be judged from its adoption of the motto of Erasmus, "By identifying the new learning with heresy, you make orthodoxy synonymous with ignorance," expresses strong approval of this tendency in the newer universities, as being calculated to make

theology "intellectually respectable," and to establish a standard for the various Christian denominations in regard to the training of their ministers which will help them "not to lose their hold on the intelligence of the nation."

It will perhaps be equally surprising to the afore-mentioned Canadian layman to learn that the first appointee to the Birmingham chair is the well-known Quaker scholar, Dr. H. G. Wood. Dr. Wood in his inaugural lecture observed that while the problem of Christian disunion still exists detrimentally for the competing denominations in England, "it is a vanishing feature in the world of Christian scholarship." It is to be feared that it has not vanished quite so extensively in Canada as in some other parts of the English-speaking world.

The Vices of the Age

THE subject being an imperishable one, it is not too late to refer to an article entitled "Of Judicature: A Dialogue," which appeared in a recent issue of the *Canadian Bar Review*, and of which a kind friend has sent us an off-print, presumably as a Christmas message. The article is by Mr. V. Evan Gray, K.C., of Toronto, and its main conclusion is that whatever weaknesses the Canadian judicature may exhibit at the present time are the results of "the same forces which in other segments of our experience, during the post-war period from which we are slowly emerging, have produced the confusion of mind, the futility of effort, and the mediocrity of attainment for which our generation will hereafter be distinguished. How could such forces, operating in our segment (the law), produce anything different in quality than they have produced in the fields of literature, politics, education, religion and government, 1918-1939?"

Mr. Gray deals with some of these forces, mostly negative ones. "They were not energized by an unquenchable love of justice in the souls of lawyers. Lacking also is the insight which identifies justice with final truth and righteousness not yet attained or comprehended. Lacking is any ideal of progress to substitute for the discredited theory of automatic evolution. Lacking is the sense of continuity and succession in the long line of prophets and adventurers who lighted the beacons of the Common Law. In short, lacking is a philosophy of life in the law. . . . But we now know that that period is ended although the new period has not disclosed its character fully." This is a description which applies as much to Parliament, to the churches, to philosophy and to science and education as it does to law; they are all merely segments of the experience of an age. That age draws to an end. And though we cannot see fully the character of the age that is to succeed it, we can see enough to give us much hope.

Guillaume d'Orange

THAT doughty fighter for Canadian unity, Mr. Emile Vaillancourt, has produced in pamphlet form, largely we fancy for circulation among the educational authorities of Ontario and one or two other provinces, his famous *Montreal Gazette* article of July 12, 1938, on the French-speaking proclivities of the great historic personage who is commemorated every year on that day under the not very French-sounding title of "King Billy." It is a very interesting document, and can hardly fail to effect some amount of debunking.

One of the contemporary authorities quoted by Mr. Vaillancourt records that William of Orange "despised the native English," and it may as well be noted that it is not so much the native English as that admirable, energetic and tenacious race, the native Ulstermen, who keep his memory—we almost said green—in this land so far from the River Boyne. (Even the "single Englishman" whom according to Macaulay the French-speaking monarch was obliged to trust on certain momentous occasions bore the suspiciously un-English name of Caermarthen.)

But Mr. Vaillancourt's main point is something to the effect that William would be vastly surprised if he could know how he is made to figure today as an upholder of exclusive claims for the English language as against the French—he who spoke English "thickly and slowly" and wrote all his governmental utterances first in French. He would be almost equally surprised to find himself represented as a violent enemy of Roman Catholicism. The Catholics had no such view of him during his lifetime.

One of the earliest books on the exploration of what is now Canada, including much matter about Ontario, is that of Father Hennepin, and was printed in French at Utrecht with a Dedication to King William, who indeed defrayed the expense of publication, and who was referred to by the reverend author in these terms: "Allow me to make known to the entire universe that God has entrusted to your Majesty the glorious duty of carrying the light of the Gospel into so many lands of our discovery which are still in the shadows of ignorance."

Macaulay records that William alone saved the Catholics of England from a sanguinary persecution in the national reaction after the fall of James. The Vatican, which at the time was a bitter enemy of France, received the news of the Battle of the Boyne with an enthusiasm scarcely less than that which Canadian Orangemen show on its anniversary to this day. The relations between France, England and the Vatican at that time are not wholly dissimilar to those which prevail today between Germany, the democracies and Russia. The contemporary Popes regarded William with "ill-concealed partiality. He was not indeed their friend; but he was their enemy's enemy."

We do not know to what extent Mr. Vaillancourt will succeed in eradicating what has become one of the national legends of Canada; but he is making a valiant try.

The Pacifist Language

WE SHALL publish in an early issue, in deference to the interest shown by a number of readers, a translation of the article by Mr. Andre Laurendeau on Quebec and conscription, in *L'Action Nationale*, to which extended reference was made in our "Week to Week" column last week.

Meanwhile we are surprised at finding in Mr. Laurendeau's otherwise well written article two sneers at the character and objectives of the advocates of conscription which we were used to reading in Communist organs before June 22 last but have not seen there since. Perhaps Mr. Laurendeau thinks they are too good to be left unused just because M. Stalin is no longer using them. One is the reference to the age of some of the advocates, especially those of the financier and industrialist class, "whose portraits reveal the fact that they are considerably more than thirty years old." This is the first time that we can recall seeing a serious Catholic writer adopting the argument that the older men of a nation should have no voice in its military policies because they can no longer fight for it,—an argument which is sometimes advanced by purely sentimental pacifists, and was adopted with perfect cynicism for temporary use by the Communists when they sought to reduce the military efficiency of the British countries and the United States. It is peculiarly offensive when directed against the senior members of our English-speaking financier and industrialist classes, most of whom have sons or grandsons in the fighting services.

The other sneer is the suggestion that the use of Canadian troops overseas is dictated by "the interests of Great Britain." In Mr. Laurendeau's words, if conscription is constitutionally admissible "it needs only a vote of the majority to tear every young French-Canadian from his country and lead him to death against his will, in any one of the five quarters of the world in which the interests of Great Britain (*l'intérêt britannique*) happen for the moment to place the 'frontiers' of Canada." The only justification for this sneer is the language of some of our more foolish and colonial-minded extremists (a class which has never exercised any important influence at Ottawa no matter what party is in power, and was certainly not responsible for conscription in 1917); and the accusation that English-speaking Canadians as a whole are less Canadian than French-Canadians because some of them happen to have their racial origins in a motherland off the continent of Europe which is still free and still fighting against Germany is one which is resented and repelled by the vast majority of those against whom it is directed. English-speaking Canadians believe, in great majority, what Americans in great majority now believe also, that the war in which we are engaged is one single war, that the forces at the disposal of our side in that war should be used wherever they are most needed, and that whenever so used they are engaged in the defence of the country from which they came just as much as in the defence of the country on whose soil they are making their stand.

THE PASSING SHOW

THE Japanese Admiral Shimada said last week that "full dress war is yet to come." When it does come the Axis powers are expected to wear tails between their legs.

The United States government has restricted the use of tin. We thought the income tax had done that already.

An American scientist has suggested shuttling planes between Alaska and Russia to bomb Tokyo. The Japs certainly need to be taught that people who live in paper houses shouldn't throw bombs.

Squadrons of Japanese soldiers are being trained to swim, according to a correspondent who recently returned from the Far East. What the Australians are concerned about is whether they're being taught the Australian crawl.

There is a persistent rumor that Hitler is going to invade Spain. Maybe he aims to get beaten everywhere Napoleon got beaten.

"WE CAN PLAY ROUGH TOO"

Oh, loudly the loud-speakers spoke,
Oh swiftly sped th' reporter's pencil,
When Winston Churchill, as a joke,
Called Mussolini "a Utensil."

Oh, well deserved that appellation!
For Muss, when bitter views he felt,
Set laughing all his scurril nation
With his "del ano Roosevelt."

Let scatologic nicknames fly!
Ere Peace strange bedfellows has made,
The Utensil even more shall ply
His bitter, necessary trade.

The steel controller's office says that twenty-five old automobiles will make a tank. They will also take the place of twenty-five new automobiles.

Hitler is said to have told the Japs before they entered the war that he'd be in Moscow by Christmas. He should have reflected that the Russians might have some Christmas cards up their sleeves.

A writer compares Japanese strategy to Oriental chess. It seems that the object of Oriental chess is to make several moves before you tell your opponent that the game has started.

OUR ZOO

The Moose

Unless—and this may sometimes happen—
He's in the hall to hang your cap on,
There's no excuse
For the moose.

The Gazelle

Graceful, delicate, enchanting, slight,
Ethereal, heavenly, celestial sprite,
The frail gazelle
Can run like hell.

STUART HEMSLEY.

According to recent reports there are six million Italian workers in Germany. It looks as if Germany is now the chief Italian colony.

The rumor that the *Normandie* has been overrun by rats has been exploded. We hope there is no more truth in similar rumors about the French navy.

The New York *Daily News* recently suggested a merger of Canada and the United States. Mr. Hopburn has taken a preliminary step by merging Ontario with the rest of Canada.

Military observers say that recent events have shown the importance of the air arm—especially when it has a fist at the end of it.

It is predicted that on account of the rubber shortage women will soon have to give up girdles. Such sacrifices are necessary in order that the British Empire may continue to girdle the world.

War-Tattered 1941 Finds The United States . . .



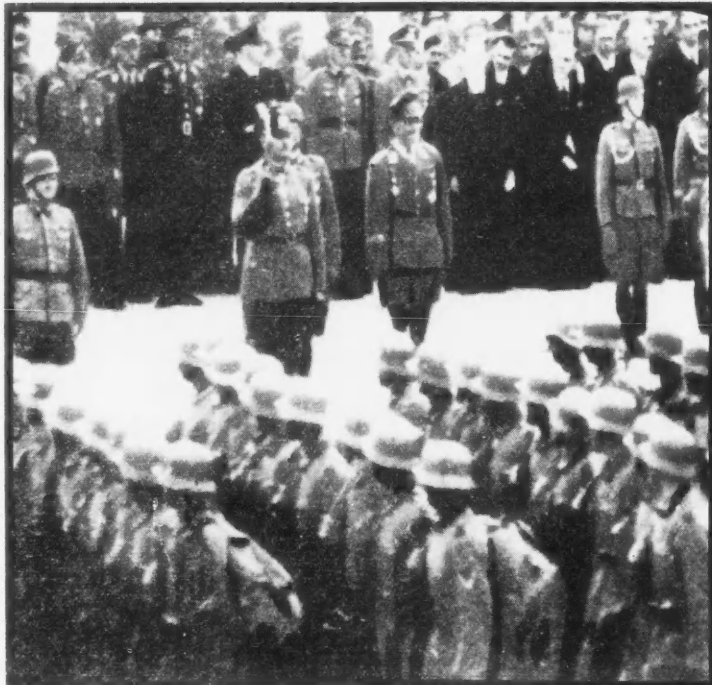
1 On March 11, President Roosevelt signs the Lend-Lease Act, placing a big club in the hands of those countries battling against Naziism. One day later England lands troops in Greece in an ill-fated expedition.



2 On March 29, a British battle squadron under Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham destroys an Italian fleet off Cape Matapan. On April 9, the gallant Greeks lose Salonika to Nazis, 2 weeks later surrender.



3 On April 3, Italo-German forces begin an offensive in Libya which is to push the British from Benghazi back into Egypt in 10 days. On April 19, the Allies occupy Syria and Iraq, close Suez Canal flank.



4 On April 23, the Greek Government gives up the struggle against overwhelming odds and moves to Crete. Here Nazi General Field Marshal List reviews his victorious troops in a two-hour parade in the Greek capital.



5 On May 10, Rudolf Hess, No. 3 Nazi and Hitler's deputy, flees Germany and crashes his plane in Scotland on a mission which has never been explained to cop the individual honors of 1941 for sensation.



6 On June 22, Germany opens a full-dress offensive against Russia from the Arctic to the Black Sea. Here Fuehrer Adolf Hitler, surrounded by high Nazi functionaries announces Germany's act to the Reichstag.



7 Acting to prevent Nazis from gaining a foothold in this hemisphere, the U.S., on July 7, occupies Iceland. Here a Briton and a Yankee fraternize.



8 On July 17, Britain rallies a flagging Europe with a dramatic "V-for-Victory" campaign. In Norway, the "V" symbol was varied by using H-7 with it, the latter standing for Norway's exiled king, Haakon VII.



9 On August 14, Roosevelt and Churchill begin a 3-day conference at sea and draw up their 8-point Atlantic Charter. The meeting almost makes the war itself an anti-climax. From this point, the United States moves steadily to all-out open warfare with Axis countries.

... Fighting Openly Beside Britain and Russia



10 On August 23, after celebrating his first plane flight by flying across the Atlantic, Prime Minister King is received in England by Canadian troops with mixed boos and cheers. He returned by airplane.



11 On September 9, Canadian troops make a dawn raid on Norway's Spitzbergen Islands to forestall any Nazi move in that direction. Churchill reveals pact with the United States to help Russia against Japan.



12 October 16: Japanese Premier Konoye's cabinet resigns. General Hideki Tojo, warlord, above, succeeds Konoye. Vichy reports that French ex-Premiers Daladier and Blum to get life imprisonment for war guilt.



13 October 18: Ottawa freezes wages and prices and extends cost-of-living bonus to all trades and industries. Tough Donald Gordon, above, becomes chairman of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, acts tough.



14 November 14: Aircraft Carrier "Ark Royal" is sunk off Gibraltar. Heroine of a score of World War II adventures, she had been instrumental in sinking the Nazis' battleship "Bismarck" on May 27.



15 On November 18, the British launch a full-scale offensive in Libya to eliminate Nazi forces active there. These are men of Tobruk who endured an Axis siege successfully for well over seven months.



16 December 7: Japan makes treacherous attack on Pearl Harbor and the Philippines. One day later, U.S. declares war on Japan and war is world wide.



17 By the middle of December a Russian offensive along the whole Eastern Front has grown in strength until the Nazi Army is being pushed back in the worst reversal it has suffered since World War II was joined.



18 December 23: In a fitting climax to a sensation-drunk year, Prime Minister Churchill arrives suddenly in Washington for a series of war conferences, later visits Ottawa. Said he in Ottawa: "... strong forces are at hand. The tide has turned against the Hun."

The Conservatives and the Province of Quebec

BY THE HON. S. GOBEIL

THERE is a serious effort being made throughout the country with a view to strongly reorganizing the Conservative party.

It is not necessary to enlarge on the advantages of such a reorganization. The parliamentary regime cannot function normally if two or more parties do not confront in the House; one in power and the other or others playing the role of Opposition by stimulating the efforts of the members and criticizing the undesirable measures of the Government.

For quite a long time, only two political parties assured the efficiency of parliamentarism in Ottawa. Today, there are three parties in the Opposition. Which of these three parties will serve as an alternative to the present Government? That is what all those who are concerned with the future of their country ask themselves; it is also the question that the Conservatives in particular ask themselves.

There is no doubt that the Liberal party will meet with an overwhelming defeat after the war or, I may say, before the end of the war. Any political party which has taken the responsibility of prosecuting a war loses much of its popularity and suffers much in consequence of its administration. The Liberal party will not be an exception. Because of its hesitation to act and of its negligence towards our problems, it will meet with the greatest defeat in political history.

Will the Conservative party be called to replace it? There is no doubt, provided that its leaders have a comprehensive view of the political situation in this country, and that in drawing up a program they are inspired by the principles of order which have brought prosperity to this country in the past; that they offer truly social justice reforms; and that they openly declare their intention of making away with intolerable abuses.

Economic reforms must also be included in our political program. If the Conservative party wants to assert itself in the political field; if it wants such reforms to be made in a legitimate way, it must hasten to offer guarantees to the country and be ready to admit just claims. The party will achieve its aim in so far as the principles on which it bases its policy are sound.

It is admitted that the Conservative Party cannot obtain great victories without having at least the partial support of Quebec. What should the Conservative Party do to obtain that support? Let us recall briefly certain facts of the Quebec political history.

Quebec is peopled in the majority with French-speaking and Catholic

The Hon. Samuel Gobeil has some right to express the views of Quebec Conservatives. He was Conservative candidate in Compton in 1925 and 1926, unsuccessfully; he was elected in 1930, but again defeated in the general debacle of 1935. He is a farmer with a passion for travelling.

He wants the Conservative party to realize that it can, and should, obtain a large amount of French-Canadian support, but that the movement which will bring it that support must originate in Quebec. The Liberal party, he suggests, is losing ground there. As keynotes for Conservative policy in Quebec he suggests attachment to the Crown and support of provincial autonomy, along with social and economic reforms.

citizens and consequently forms a special group in this great country of ours. The province of Quebec assigned to itself the task of efficiently protecting the rights and the privileges of the French Catholic group in this country.

Quebec and Confederation

Quebec accepted Confederation only under the condition that it could enjoy full liberty of action in the Provincial domain. The provincial Parliament was to be the bulwark against any attempts of centralization; it was to be the starting point of any movement intended to maintain and fortify the life of the French Catholic group.

Quebec was to send to Ottawa members who would make the claims formulated in provincial circles. It can be said that, in general, this course has been followed.

Cartier and his group, later Chapleau and his group, brought forward the support of Quebec to Macdonald. Mercier and his group brought forward the same support to Laurier. Lapointe also won Quebec for Mr. King.

In 1911, Borden obtained the support of Quebec because of certain circumstances. Bourassa and his group, after a campaign against Gouin in our province, united with some Conservatives to fight Laurier. They facilitated the election of nationalistic members who joined the Conservatives once in the Federal Parliament. The nationalistic movement was strong because it was from a provincial source. It became somewhat a tradition to take advantage of a provincial movement and put it at the service of a Federal party, as did Cartier, Chapleau, Mercier and Lapointe.

In 1930, a strong opposition group against Taschereau was born in Quebec. Mr. Houde, at that time provincial leader of the Conservative party in Quebec, refused to support his Federal leader Mr. Bennett who, in spite

of that fact, won twenty-four seats in Quebec. This result was somewhat due to the anti-Taschereau movement which was growing stronger and stronger in Quebec. Again, the provincial attitude had an effect upon the Federal.

The split in the Conservative party was the cause of its defeat at the polls in 1935. Mr. Stevens advocated provincial autonomy, "co-operation without interference," and the support that he received divided the Conservative vote and assured the Liberal victory. Mr. Stevens prepared his political campaign by coming out against the monopolies which are more or less centralization. The anti-Taschereau movement, which was stronger than ever at that time, was offset by the split among the Conservatives.

Lack of Leaders

The victory of the Quebec Liberals in 1939 facilitated the re-election of the Liberals in Ottawa the next year. Mr. Lapointe was responsible for such a victory. He preached in Quebec that our war effort would be moderate and that conscription would never be imposed. He declared that not a single man would be forced to participate in the war and promised that his colleagues and himself would resign as ministers if conscription were ever imposed.

Lapointe's tactics were no other than those of Laurier who also took advantage of Mercier's popularity in his province at one time. When the Federal election came along, the Liberals just had to play the same tune on their political fiddle. Unfortunately, the Quebec Conservatives had no real leaders and the people were under the impression that the Conservative candidates were only representing the party itself and that they were not interested in defending the Province. As a crowning misfortune, the Federal Conservative leader wanted to copy the Liberal policy and a real confusion existed among the Conservative partisans.

The Conservative party is dying in Quebec because of the lack of Conservative leadership in that province. It has even lost its identity in the provincial Parliament. The Federal leaders thought that they could get along without a provincial army. Unfortunately, they did not understand that the strength of the Federal party often depends on the strength of the provincial party, and that the only means to revive it was to have its policy conform to the general requirements of the country, which would have permitted the Quebec Conservatives to defend the interests of their own province. They were not thus following the traditions established by Macdonald, and the Quebec Conservatives were also unable to follow the traditions established by Cartier and Chapleau.

The people of Quebec have the idea deep-rooted in their minds and hearts that they have to play a particular role in Confederation.

If the Conservative party wants to get the support of Quebec, it must not disregard the desires of its people. This does not mean, however, that Quebec must have the last word in the decisions of the party, but the leaders of the party from the other provinces must keep the Quebec sentiment in mind and try to give it satisfaction. Then the Quebec leaders will be ready to accept the wishes of the majority.

How could the desires of Quebec

be made known? Simply by promoting the birth of a provincial Conservative group; a group composed of men convinced that the Conservative party can be of great service to the province and to the country at large. From that group would rise a leader who would carry public opinion.

The Liberal party is losing ground in Quebec. For twenty-five years, the Liberal leaders have endeavored to take advantage of the movement launched by Mercier when Riel was hanged—a movement which was somewhat anti-English. They shout at the top of their voices against any participation in the wars of the Empire and they particularly roar out against conscription. But since the beginning of the war, the Liberal leaders are not harping on the same string. And today, the people of Quebec know that they have played the hypocrite and they are losing much of their popularity.

A Provincial Movement

It is not alone the unpopularity of the Liberals that will cause their downfall and put the Conservatives into power.

Ideas that would please Quebec must be brought before the people by Conservatives of that Province and under the leadership of one of their men. The people will then be confident that these ideas are going to be defended in the Canadian Parliament by men who have advocated them. In other words it means the organization of a provincial movement of which the Federal party could take advantage.

Without that, there is no hope of salvation for the Conservative party in the province of Quebec.

The Quebec Conservatives should agree at least on one point: that, by tradition, the Conservative Party is strongly in favor of the maintenance of the link with the British Crown.

In one way or another, the great figures of our history expressed the same thought in this regard. Did Macdonald not say: "A British subject I was born, a British subject I will die." Borden vigorously rejected any rapprochement with the United States and took strong measures to defend the British Crown. Bennett expressed his thoughts in these few words: "A powerful Canada in a very powerful Empire."

Quebec and the Crown

A profound sentiment of attachment to the British Crown exists in Quebec. It would be too long to trace the origin of that sentiment. Let us merely point out that it exists. The Conservative leaders will have to appeal to it and return to the tradition established by Cartier and Chapleau; they will have to understand that if they refuse to return to that tradition their enterprise is doomed to failure. Directly or indirectly, the Liberals appeal to anti-English sentiments. The Conservative party must appeal to pro-British sentiments. The chief characteristics of the two great political parties could therefore be the following: "The Liberal party throws our country in the arms of the United States; the Conservative Party wants the maintenance of the link with the British Crown." The Conservative leaders throughout Canada should adopt a definite position in this regard. Those of Quebec should follow their example. If the Quebec Conservative leaders refuse to show the advantages of the British link; if they refuse to express the opinion of the great majority of the population favorable to the maintenance of that link, they deprive themselves of a support that they need. Let us recall a fact that we are often subject to forget. Each time that the Conservative leaders deviated from the traditions of their party, the Liberals won nearly all the seats in Quebec.

It is surely not by adopting a Liberal policy that the Quebec Conservatives will justify their attitude. They shall not be awkward to the point of asking the population to make the greatest sacrifices to defend liberty and democracy—a form-



Sir Kingsley Wood, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who last week told the House of Commons that Britain has spent the equivalent of some \$33,200,000,000 to fight the war.

ula which does not appeal to the people of Quebec. On the contrary, they will base their appeals on the fact that they are bound in duty to obey the King's orders. They will explain that by fighting for their King, our youth will assure the maintenance of constitutional monarchy in our country—a political regime which has granted us rights and privileges; which has helped the lasting and sound development of our country and province. The people of Quebec, heir to a long tradition of honor and pride, to a never-failing loyalty, will answer to the appeals of the Conservative leaders provided that the latter are absolutely frank and firmly express their convictions.

There is another point that the Quebec Conservative leaders should not forget. Because the Conservatives of Quebec deny the traditions of their party, because they hesitate and refuse to take a different attitude from that of the Liberals, the country is under the impression that Quebec is unanimous regarding Imperial relations. Let them have the courage of their convictions and cease to be the Liberals' sport of fortune, and they will render a great service to their province and to their party—to their province by proving that Quebec is as loyal towards the Crown as any other province—to their party by winning a great number of supporters—and thus assure the election of a great number of members in Parliament.

Provincial Autonomy

The autonomy of the provinces is another point on which there should be unanimity in the Conservative Party. The Liberal party started a very pronounced "centralization movement" which met with a very strong opposition throughout the country. Is Quebec not the most appropriate ground for a hard battle against centralization?

After all this, the Conservative leaders of the other provinces should endeavor to draw up a program which would not disregard the desires of the province of Quebec.

The Conservative party suffered a set-back because it neglected to play a role of prime necessity—that of advocating and bringing into effect social and economic reforms which would have assured the normal development of our country.

At this critical moment, the Conservative party, as in the past, will take an important part in Canadian politics by drawing up a sound and just program assuring the prosperity of our country. It will arise to put the confusion to rights.

Quebec will do its part in this magnificent restoration work.

The Conservative party will formulate a political doctrine which will gain the confidence of the Canadian electorate.

Otherwise, other parties with revolutionary tendencies will replace it, because it will not have fulfilled its mission.



Canadian leaders leave the White House after attending a war conference with President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill. Left to right: Canadian Minister Leighton McCarthy, Prime Minister Mackenzie King, Minister of National Defence J. L. Ralston, Minister of Air C. G. Power, and Minister of the Navy A. L. MacDonal. Last week came the announcement from Ottawa that Canada would, in all likelihood, cancel the \$1,500,000,000 war debt owed to this country by Great Britain.

What Is This Axis Double Pincers?

BY HENRY PETERSON

IN ITS January 5 issue *Time Magazine* published a beautiful and alarming map under the legend "Axis Double Pincers" which was accompanied by an even more alarming evaluation of the basic strategic position of the Allied Powers.

The theory put forward is that Japan's pincers could close in on the Chinese-Russian mainland from the east while Hitler, by seizing the Suez Canal and the Near East, could close in on it from the west. Russia and China, then being cut off from American supplies, "will inevitably succumb." After that, the pincers will be reversed, to close in on Australia and on Britain. Lastly, they will close in on America.

This theory is based not only on a major false premise but on two minor ones as well. The major being that Russia and China would succumb if cut off from American supplies. Did China succumb when alone for four and a half years and armed with democratic scraps she fought Japan so greatly armed with Anglo-American war material? And did Russia succumb when alone she fought practically the whole of the German army supported by some thirty associated divisions, all partly armed not only with Anglo-American war material but with Russian war material as well? Yet, more important still, why leave out of account the primary factor of all in war? China and Russia will not succumb, for their vast populations have the spirit to out-endure the enemy.

As to the minor false premises, the first is that "then Germany began trying to stabilize its Russian front," an estimate which implies, the facts being what they are, that the German army did not try to stabilize that front through Moscow and Leningrad and is now moving back of its own free will; and the second is that China and Russia will be cut off from supplies because Japan will take Singapore and Burma and Hitler will take Egypt, Syria, Iraq and Iran.

Luckily, the Allied position is not so theoretic. Even if we play this overworked pincers game, the truth is just the reverse, and this beautiful alarming map itself shows us why. The Japanese and German pincers are themselves out-pincered. It is each end of the Axis that faces a double pincer movement, both of them from the gigantic Chinese-Indian-Russian mainland; in the case of Japan, from the east as well as from America, and, in the case of Germany, from the west as well as from Britain and America.

Parallel With 1918

Let us leave this Martian peep to map-makers and look at the facts. War is a practical business and this one is already taking on the pattern of the last, as it must do since even Japan's entry on Germany's side cannot change the basic human, geographic and economic factors behind the conflict.

Surely Hitler's position in January 1942 is the same as Ludendorff's in

The theory—put forward by "Time" Magazine in its January 5 issue—that the Axis powers are now working a "double pincers" movement, first to cut off Russia and China from American supplies, then, in reverse, to close in on Australia and Britain, and, lastly, on America, is based on false premises, asserts Mr. Peterson. Russia and China would not succumb if deprived of American aid, and the truth is that the German and Japanese pincers are themselves out-pincered.

Hitler's position in January 1942 is the same as Ludendorff's in 1918—he must defeat the enemies engaging him before America attains her full strength, or look for no more than a negotiated peace later on. Therefore Hitler, like Ludendorff, will attempt a smashing blow—now. Where? In the Middle East, through Turkey. Will the Turks fight? Mr. Peterson thinks they will.

March 1918? In March 1918 Ludendorff was faced with the certainty of a growing American army, fresh, eager and four or five million strong, in 1919. Therefore, his choice lay between defending in the hope of so shattering all enemy attacks in 1918 and 1919 that quits would be called and a negotiated peace would result, or in smashing the French and British armies in 1918 so that the American army could never be landed in Europe in sufficient force to dispute his mastery of Europe, which would leave Germany the victor. He chose to attack, and lost the war.

In January 1942 Hitler is faced with exactly the same choice—to defend in 1942 and 1943 and so shatter the attacking Russian, British and growing American armies that quits would be cried and a negotiated peace would result, or to crush the Russian and British armies in turn in 1942 so that there can be no lodgment in Europe for a decisive American army.

Apart from the dangers to his home front if he, Hitler the infallible conqueror, stood still, his megalomania makes it imperative that he should show his superman qualities. He must pull the rabbit out of the hat, and to do that he must attack. But where?

The invasion of Britain today is even more suicidal than eighteen months ago, especially with a rampaging Russian army tearing great chunks out of his frozen rear. Gibraltar, Casablanca and Dakar are only chicken feed. Their possession could not win him the Battle of the Atlantic, and the fight for them could only kill off some thousands of his two giant enemies in the West, Britain and America, and leave unaltered the basic strategic factors of this fight against four-fifths of mankind's resources in men, materials and industrial potential. Malta, too, could be assailed and captured, but again that's only chicken feed. And any wild hope of leaving 10,000,000 Russians stiff on the field between Germany and the Urals must wait until April for even the opening battles to be joined.

There remains only one theatre for a major offensive today, a theatre where he may gain spectacular victories and where millions of his principal land foes, Britons and Russians,

may be killed off. The Middle East, through Turkey. Here, too, he may obtain oil, of which the Nazi war machine will stand in desperate need this year, at last hit on three sides by offensive weapons. Here, too, if he gets to Egypt and to the borders of India, he could not only cut off the two widest streams of American supplies to Russia and the British Middle East armies, but also deny the American army its biggest spring-board against the Germany army.

Must Attack at Once

Attack immediately. Hitler must. In 1918 Ludendorff had only to face the prospect of four or five million fresh enemy soldiers. In 1942 Hitler must face the prospect of not only six or seven million fresh Americans by the summer of 1943 but 12,000,000 Russian and 25,000,000 Chinese soldiers, now that the Holy Alliance in Washington has pledged free mankind to victory. The French army has dropped out this time, but the British army relative to the German is this time twice as strong, since air superiority will come to the Allies in Europe by the summer of 1942. (And air superiority in 1942 is a very different matter from air superiority in 1918, for air superiority today can destroy more than tanks and ships; it will shatter German industry and make a Coventry of every German city. Hence, the German Commander-in-Chief is in a hurry this month.)

So what do recent German troop and air movements portend? Gibraltar, North Africa and Malta Hitler will attack, but his preparations have been closing in on Turkey on a much greater scale. There will, naturally, be a frontal attack on the Dardanelles, but, more dangerous, he will make a double pincers assault to its rear, from the north and south.

The southern attack is ripe. Outflanking the Straits are his busy aerodromes on the islands of Mytilene, Chios, Samos, Lemnos and others only fifteen minutes' flying distance away, while the bustling Greek aerodromes are only a little further. Under a fighter and bomber apron, hundreds of small craft will carry the shock troops across.

The northern pincer is incomplete so long as Sevastopol holds out, that very hive of Russian Black Sea naval power. Hence the savage Nazi assaults to reduce it. That in German hands would expedite a sea-borne infiltration to the northern rear of the Straits and along the northern shores of Asia Minor. Hence also the unyielding Russian resistance at Sevastopol and Stalin's stroke from Kerch to be able to cripple this northern pincer by his Black Sea fleet and to hearten the Turks. We can also look forward to a Russian attack in the Donetz Basin sweeping south to bottle up the neck of the Perekop Peninsula.

The Defrosted Army

What then are the forces lining up for this new Hitlerian bull rush? Without a Russian adventure on his hands, some five or six million men supported by the major part of the Luftwaffe and of his adapted Panzer divisions would certainly have got him to Alexandria and the Indus, when only the Chinese army could have stopped the Japanese from breaking into Bengal.

But today? It is doubtful if Hitler

can spare more than a million and a half of his defrosted army to stiffen what doubtful Bulgarian, Italian and Rumanian divisions he dare trust. It is prudent to assume, at least on paper, that another million wondering associates will march with his suddenly politer Nazis.

But will the Turks fight? It is also safe to assume, I believe, that this most slippery of allies and most calculating of neutrals will fight, because of present Russian and British might, America's future power and the portentous knowledge that Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin are men who do not quit.

Let us be done with appeasement. Let us think, say and act: "Good, friend or enemy? No excuses." Let us face the fact that Turkey's leaders have made of Kemal Ataturk's magic mantle a dish-cloth at Hitler's feasts. But today the Allies can ask the three-ball merchants of Ankara to turn that dish-cloth back into a tarboosh if they like. So, they will be on our side. Yes, let us stop thinking that plain speech is factless if we at last talked horse sense and meant it, we will have every doubtful neutral in the world on our side, and quick.

Turkey is credited with an army of a million, the British Middle East army cannot be short of that, while a million Russians, even two million could join in the fight, if necessary. The half dozen tough regular American divisions originally destined for the Middle East will now, no doubt, go to the Dutch East Indies. However, Hitler will be attacking the one part of the world where an Anglo-Russian-Indian front could be set up.

Of course, Hitler will produce surprises again. While he is attacking Gibraltar and Malta, French Quilings will summon their followers in Tunisia and Morocco, quite a good-sized army at first to march with Axis forces in Tripoli and Tunisia against Auchinleck battling towards Tripoli. There will be suicide attacks by air-borne troops and parachutists on Cairo and these with submarines and E-boats on Alexandria and the Suez Canal. Yet will the greatest surprise be that Turkey does not fight and makes a corridor of herself? I do not believe so, for their cold, calculating leaders know that the Axis is doomed. This Arabian adventure will be Hitler's last big futile fling before superior land armies invade and smash Germany from east, west and south.

What Japan Has Won

What of Japan? Her High Command is now reaping the full fruits of bold plans built on a very flood of accurate information which its world-wide spy system had given it. Tokyo has achieved its first intoxicating objective preventing the superior American-British-Dutch fleet from interfering with its initial land operations. But what have these achieved in a month? The taking of Hong Kong and Manila. It will be prudent to add the whole of the Philippines and of vital parts of Borneo before help can reach them. How would the score then stand?

Not much altered if Singapore still stands. Of men, tanks, guns, bombers and fighters the Anglo-Saxon-Chinese combination has enough for the south-western Pacific and also the ships and trucks to get them there. Naturally, if it can help it, Tokyo will not give Washington and London time to rush decisive reinforcements to Malaya and the Dutch East Indies. By the end of January enough will have arrived to make them safe for keeps, and the Nips will certainly not take Singapore by the end of January, now that a Blimp-hating commander, Pownall, is on the spot, which is a more important factor than these few words can convey, since democratic officers' corps have too long imagined themselves a caste, prizing social graces more than a warlike spirit.

With Singapore, Sourabaya and Batavia holding, an immediate Allied counter-offensive on land can be made by British, Indian and Chinese forces against the rear of the



President Manuel Avila Camacho of Mexico making his radio address in which he appealed for national and hemispheric unity and support of the U.S. Said he: "When America is in peril, Mexico is in peril." He did not call for a declaration of war, but the Mexican Air Force is co-operating with the U.S. Air Force in patrolling the western seaboard on alert for raids.

Japanese army in Indo-China and Thailand. And, naturally, measures are already being taken against the Achilles heel of the Japanese invasion of the south-west Pacific—the seaborne maintenance of its striking armies.

The Anglo-Saxon combination can muster a fleet in the west Pacific superior to the Japanese fleet. But this challenge is governed by one inexorable factor: that the aerial torpedo is master of the capital ship (has been for some years).

So a great array of torpedo-planes for attack and of fighters for defence must go wherever the combined fleet goes. Here is the rub. With the Philippines and Borneo not only lost but in plane-laden enemy hands, how will the Allied fleet get its umbrella of fighters? Aircraft carriers are not only inadequate but far too vulnerable themselves.

Underground Hangars

What some of us have been advocating for years must come into being—underground aerodromes, or, more accurately, underground hangars, store rooms, machine shops and sleeping quarters, burrowed into hillsides whenever possible; bombed runways can quickly be repaired, especially if the swarming Chinese coolie is at hand. Build them in Malaya, Sumatra, Java and in the Chinese provinces of Yunnan, Kwangsi and Kwangtung, Fukien, Kiangsi and Chekiang. This will mean frantic and fantastic labor. But the Chinese coolie is there to show the way.

American experts asked for the latest machines and seven and a half years for the building of the Burma Road; the Chinese coolie, almost with his bare hands, built it in fourteen months. Don't ask the secret, nor how the Chinese soldier, also almost with bare hands, has not only held off the mighty Japanese army for four and a half years but has thrashed it in the last six pitched battles. Just ask Chiang Kai-shek for these aerodromes and they will be forthcoming with fantastic speed. Let us at last throw away our military text books, especially the "bookish theories" of our staff colleges, and start fighting this war with common sense, putting first things first and solving novel situations with novel solutions.

Surely Britain and America have by now produced enough long-range two-engined fighters and enough medium and heavy bombers to spare fifteen hundred of the first and three thousand of the second for the shipwrecking of this rash and impertinent Japanese invasion of the Pacific treasure house.

Above all, let us return to the faith of a Cromwell, the faith of a Lincoln, the faith of a Chiang Kai-shek and a Churchill even in our own degenerate times—the burning and unreasonable faith that in war the very primary weapon of all is Spirit. If we have Spirit, the heavens may fall and yet all will still be well!



To the immense amusement of his comrades-in-arms, a Nazi officer shaves the beard of a Jew in Warsaw, Poland. By his action, the German is inflicting a grave religious insult upon his victim. According to reports smuggled out of Poland, Nazi atrocities are growing day by day.

THE Honeymoon Is Over: The shock of war's first impact has passed and as the smoke of Pearl Harbor subsides we find the isolationists in the same old sniping positions. They still wear the camouflage of national unity but their minds and methods are the same as when they were proclaiming the war to be a British bust and a Roosevelt plot. The explosion of war threw them into a violent embrace with the nation and everything was wonderful for a few fleeting days. Now, the honeymoon is over.

The same old letters are now beginning to appear in the same old isolationist newspapers: "Churchill addressed the Congress but it will be a frosty day when any American

THE AMERICAN SCENE

Isolationists Raise Their Heads Again

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

statesman is invited to address the British Parliament." . . . "We built 22,000 war planes in 1941 but we could only spare twelve to protect our own boys in Wake Island. Are we Uncle Saps again?" . . . "Let's resolve to fight this war for America in the American way." . . . These items are beginning to crop up again. The de-

tails have changed since December 6 but the objectives are the same—to prevent Anglo-American unity and to sow the seeds of distrust in the Roosevelt administration.

Senator Pat McCarran, for instance, demands that Lindbergh be

made chief of the United States Army Air Force, although less than a year ago Mr. Lindbergh told a nationwide radio audience, "It would not be best to see Germany defeated. I would prefer to see neither side win." This is the sort of inspiration Senator McCarran would place at the head of the air force in a life-and-death

struggle against Hitlerism. Father Coughlin's paper agrees wearily that the war must be fought, but reserves the right to call for the impeachment of those responsible for getting America into it. A dozen minor politicians demand that the war be fought for America and not for Britain.

William Randolph Hearst who, two weeks ago, was frantically shouting, "Hold on, Johnny Bull, the Yanks are coming!" has now resumed his favorite pre-war hobby of sniping at Winston Churchill. (To which one might add—Some target! Some sniping!)

EXACTLY what Mr. Hearst is trying to accomplish I leave to your own interpretation. Have a sample:

"Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of England, made a magnificent speech before the United States Congress. He extolled the United States for sending its war equipment to England. He besought the continued protection of England. He gloried in the conquest of the Libyan sand hills by England and exulted in the restoration of the Abyssinian Haile Selassie to his ancestral throne by England. . . However, it might interest Mr. Churchill to know that the average American does not care one tinker's dam about Haile Selassie and his Abyssinian throne, and does not think that it makes a lot of difference in the eventual issue of this war who owns the sand dunes of the Libyan desert.

"The people of the United States want to give all possible aid to the people of the British Empire—not merely to England. The English speaking people of the world include the people of Canada and of Australia and of New Zealand and of South Africa and of the United States. Let us not forget the United States, although we have forgotten it very largely. . .

"England is safe and doubly safe. The Anzacs have been sent to make it safe. American planes and ships and equipment have been sent to make it safe. Now let us realize

FOR YOUNG LOVERS

TAKE not thyself TOO serious. . . Lest sudden, unaware, Some hawk-eye should observe thy soul Shivering on the stair.

But rather garb thyself in glee, With glittering smile to show it; And if thy heart breaks by itself, The world will never know it!

MONA GOULD

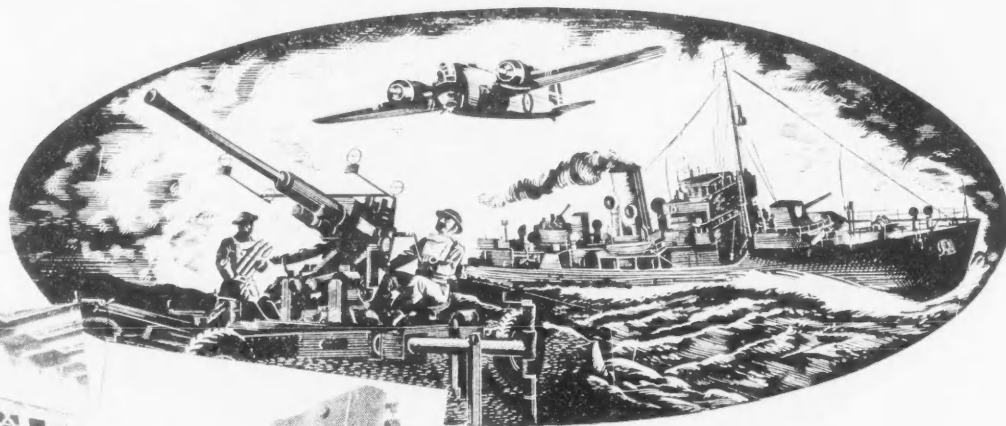
that it is safe, and turn our attention to making the rest of the English speaking nations of the world safe. . .

In short, the isolationists are back with us. The advent of war has brought no changes in their basic tools which are jealousy, suspicion and division.

IN VIEW of the historic decisions taken by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill, the matter of the Prime Minister's demeanor may be an unimportant detail of his visit. . . It is not altogether unimportant. Many a foreign mission has been clouded because a senator felt he was slighted or a matron became indignant, or a crowd that had come to cheer was ignored and disappointed. . . It is therefore, worth recording that Mr. Churchill is doing a magnificent job in Washington. His behavior has been perfection itself. . . In the few days crowded with tremendous problems, he has found the time and the inclination to endeavor himself to Americans wherever he has encountered them. . . He has captured the press, the public and the Congressmen. The White House staff vows he is the "greatest guy" ever to stay at the Pennsylvania Avenue residence. . . In a heavy schedule of social and diplomatic events, not a single incident has occurred (or has been imagined) to mar his popularity. . . This requires a delicate blend of true humility, statesmanship and showmanship. Mr. Churchill has this in addition to the most arresting personality of our time. He is, in a word, terrific.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC

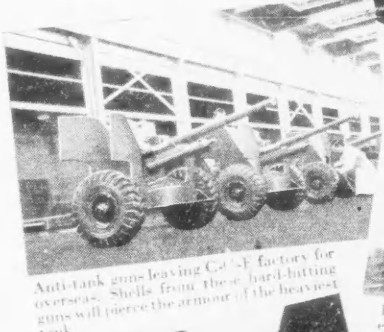
Makes Vital Equipment



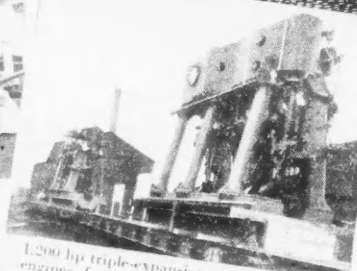
for LAND . . . SEA and AIR Operations

There's a war to be won and the front line runs through the factories. Canadian General Electric with its vast resources is rapidly becoming one of Canada's largest producers of war equipment. It is manufacturing a wide variety of vital war needs such as anti-tank guns, anti-aircraft guns, marine engines, anti-aircraft searchlights, aeroplane instruments, wire and cable, and a host of other necessary supplies.

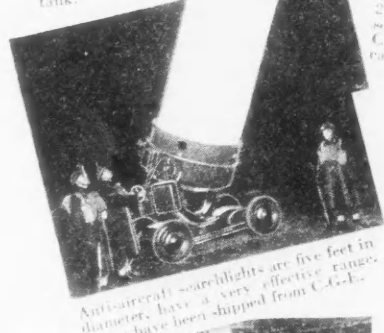
For other companies building war requirements, Canadian General Electric is making essential electrical equipment, and is also producing apparatus to develop, transmit and utilize electrical energy, which is essential to the all-out effort to meet the urgent demand in Canada's war production.



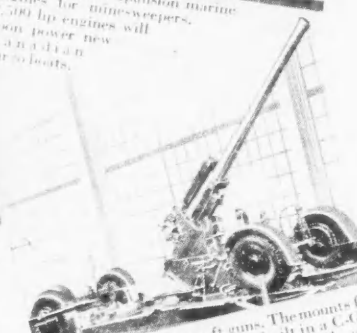
Anti-tank gun leaving C.G.E. factory for overseas. Shells from these hard-hitting guns will pierce the armour of the heaviest tank.



1,200 hp triple-expansion marine engines for minesweepers. 2,500 hp engines will soon power new Canadian frigates.



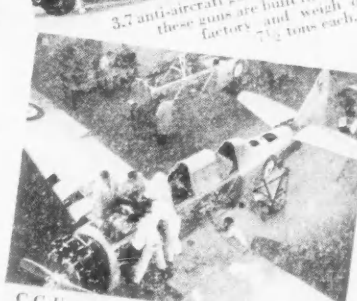
Anti-aircraft searchlights are five feet in diameter, have a very effective range. Many have been shipped from C.G.E.



3.7 anti-aircraft guns. The mounts for these guns are built in a C.G.E. factory and weigh over 7½ tons each.



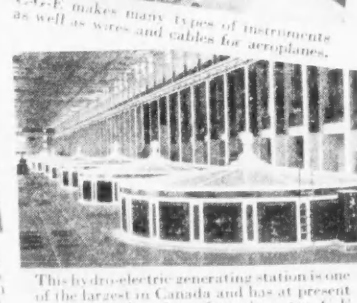
Workmen installing degaussing cable on a captured enemy freighter. When this cable is energized with electricity the ship becomes immune to the dangers of magnetic mines.



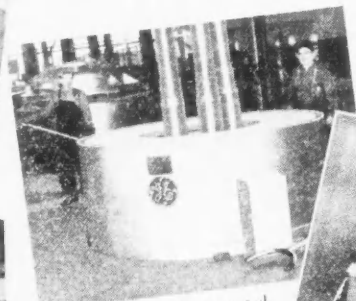
C.G.E. makes many types of instruments as well as wires and cables for aeroplanes.



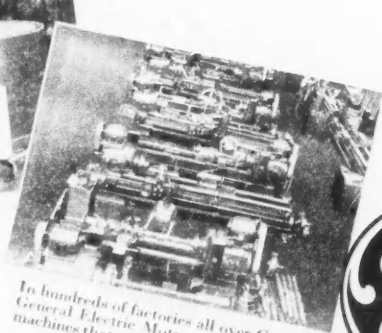
This hydro-electric generating station is one of the largest in Canada and has at present 12—50,000 hp, forty-foot diameter G.E. generators. Electricity is the vital force behind Canada's war industries.



This hydro-electric generating station is one of the largest in Canada and has at present 12—50,000 hp, forty-foot diameter G.E. generators. Electricity is the vital force behind Canada's war industries.



Gun barrels being heat-treated in C.G.E. electric furnaces. Electric heat is being used in many other war-manufacturing processes.



In hundreds of factories all over Canada, General Electric Motors are driving the machines that are making the tools of war.



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Life Goes On For British Columbia's Japanese

BY P. W. LUCE

THE Japanese in British Columbia are in an extremely delicate position. They are an alien race. Their homeland is at war with Canada. Many of them are suspect as potential enemies, and government officials are keeping a wary eye on them. Their economic status is all upset. Hundreds have already been deprived of their means of livelihood.

Yet, on the whole, it must be said that the Japanese are being treated with a good deal of tolerance. There have been no assaults on their person or property, and no rowdy demonstrations in Japtown. The little yellow men mix as freely as ever with the rest of the population.

The most serious result of the war has been the impounding of all the Japanese fishing boats in British Columbia. Nearly five hundred of these are tied up in a small bay towards the head of Burrard Inlet, their engines rendered useless by the removal of the carburetors. All told, probably 1000 craft have been immobilized all up and down the coast.

While the Japanese fishermen are the immediate sufferers, the entire population will soon feel the impact of this restriction. There are not enough white and Indian fishermen to supply local needs, and suggestions that the Japanese boats be rented out to volunteers have had to be negated. Fishing is a skilled occupation requiring long training.

For some time the Japanese have had big returns from their fishing, so that they are not likely to suffer immediate financial stringency. The responsibility for their maintenance, when hunger strikes them, rests on the Federal government, as their boats were confiscated under defense regulations.

Whether the Japanese will be permitted to resume fishing for next season's salmon pack is a moot question. Eighteen hundred licenses were

Japanese in British Columbia have been deprived of the right to fish, they have been finger-printed and have to report regularly to the R.C.M.P., and Japanese language schools have been closed. Otherwise B.C.'s Japanese get along as they did before Japan entered the war and mix freely with the rest of the population.

But many of the latter are not happy about the situation and advocate sterner measures, including the internment of all Japanese. "Never trust a Jap," they say.

Meanwhile British Columbia is likely to go short of fish, and Britain of needed vitamins obtained from dogfish livers.

issued to Japanese for 1941, most of the boats going out with two men. The brown men had absolute control of the shrimping industry, and did most of the dogfish business.

The United Fishermen's Federal Union is strongly opposed to the renewal of Japanese licenses. Ottawa has been so advised by resolution, which the Union expects to be pigeon-holed. The eastern authorities, in its view, are not awake to the Japanese menace on the Pacific coast where every bay, every cove, every inlet, and every river mouth is believed to have been scientifically charted by former officers of the Japanese navy now engaged locally as fishermen.

One serious effect is the probable suspension of the dogfish liver business. The Japanese, whose standard of living is somewhat low, could

bring these in for twelve cents a pound. White men can't do that. The Federal authorities and the British Food Mission are now willing to pay 13½ cents a pound, but that is not enough. Dogfish livers contain a high vitamin oil urgently needed in Britain to supplement diet deficiencies.

All Japanese language schools have been closed, probably for ever. They had been operating under license for some time, but their necessity has been loudly questioned in educational circles.

Little Togo and Aniko continue to attend the public schools as if there were no international ructions. The children have to stand a certain amount of heckling from their white playmates, but teachers have managed to keep the super-patriotic youngsters under control. Togo and Aniko know little of Japan and Japan's aspirations, and care less. They are good Canadians, they blandly tell the world.

Report to R.C.M.P.

Japanese nationals in Canada, and Japanese who have been naturalized since 1922, have been registered three times in the past eighteen months. They have been finger-printed. Now, as a precautionary measure, they are required to report regularly to the R.C.M.P. for checking-up purposes.

The Japanese — understandably enough — staunchly protest their loyalty to Canada. It would be too much to expect that there are no fifth columnists among them, or that all have so far forgotten the land of their ancestors that they do not secretly hope for victory to perch on her banners, but no Japanese, national or Canadian-born, has been detected in an overt act which would brand him as disloyal.

The Japanese veterans of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, through their president, Takayuki Mitsui, have pledged their "unflinching loyalty" in a telegram to the Prime Minister. There are forty-five of these old fighting men, and Mr. King has acknowledged their message in gracious terms.

Quite a number of young Canadian-born Japanese have volunteered to serve overseas in the present war, but their offers have not been accepted. There is only one Japanese with the Canadian forces, and he is with an eastern regiment. A number of students are enrolled in the Canadian Officers Training Corps of the University of British Columbia, but they will hardly electrify the world with the military knowledge they acquire with this outfit.

Deportation to East?

The virtue of tolerance is being preached by press and pulpit, but our old friends "Pro Bono Publico" and "Constant Reader" have taken their pens in hand and are having a good time advocating the internment of all Japanese, their deportation to Ontario and Quebec (so that the numbskulls in the East may understand something of the Oriental problem by first-hand study), the seizing of all Japanese automobiles, bicycles, and other means of transportation, the suspension of all mail and telephone communication, and the operation of selected areas as huge concentration camps, with the death penalty exercised for any attempted escape.

"Never trust a Jap," is the burden of their song.

Less excitable and more highly placed individuals are advocating giving the Japanese a loyalty test. It is suggested that they be asked to enlist for non-combatant war work such as land clearing, road building, lumbering, and farming. A wistful hope is expressed that the Hope-Princeton road, which was to have been finished twenty years ago and has been splendid election campaign material time and time again, might possibly be completed by Japanese labor before the war ends.

"If the Japanese are loyal, as they claim to be," says the Vancouver Sun, "then they should do useful

work for Canada. Any who decline to work should be interned. And the more careful they are to keep close to their own jobs in the recognized areas, the greater will be the tolerance of our citizens. . . . Many thousands of pairs of eyes will be on them, watching their step."

The Sun has canvassed the Japanese situation pretty thoroughly. Its policy has been forthright in its insistence that the Japanese should toe the mark, or take the consequences. Probably that is why some bright

racketeer went around offering to have the names of Japanese inserted under a heading proclaiming them to be loyal Canadian citizens, for a modest five dollars a line.

Probably the most unhappy Japanese in British Columbia is Ichire Kawasaki, consular representative for western Canada. This jittery little man has holed up in his private residence, with his wife and two children, though he could travel freely if he wished — under escort. He is "oh, so sorry war is on!"

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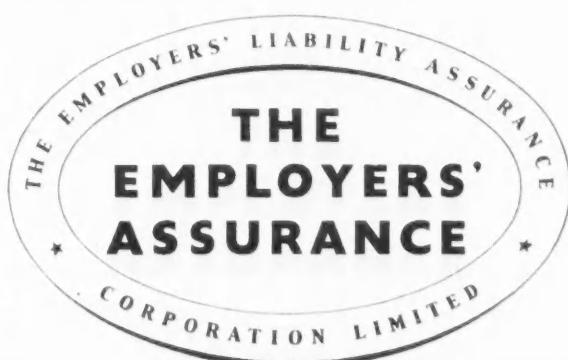
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Greatness and Humility In Winston Churchill

BY MARGARET LAWRENCE

A MAN has to be a very great man with his own personality carved sharply out of solid human material to stand today the mechanism of news gathering and presentation. For the machinery of the story we read in the press, and the instrument which picks up the voice and the manner and the meaning of what a man says over the radio, are overwhelming and only a man, or a woman, who is very strong in mind, in spirit, and in nerves, and maybe also in convictions can survive them.

Churchill in Ottawa survived. But watching it all I wondered how many could. Let me tell you about the detail first. The House of Commons is ordinarily a dim hall—dark green, dark brown, neutral grey, a little sombre old gold; what color it has is high placed and only tends to emphasize the sobriety of the place where men sit or rise to talk. The height of the hall itself dwarfs the human nature there; which is probably sound enough because the meaning of the place takes precedence therefore over the people in it. On Tuesday, December 30, 1941, there was a new scene in it. The microphone was there, to send the voices of men and words spoken there to the world. Press cameras and movie cameras were there in carefully selected and guarded positions. That meant powerful lights. From the lower end of the hall, and placed in the gallery where they would be most effective, these lights were trained upon the famous man as he entered and all through his speech. There were terrific blinding lights. You looked at them a moment which was about all you could take and thought of the phrase about the glare of publicity.

All the newsfolk and the camera folk were in high spirits; they had not before been able to turn so much light upon Churchill or to shoot away to such an extent. All through the speech the lights glared and the sharp popping sounds kept on. The audience, for any other speech by almost any other person you can pro-

duce in your imagination to stand such a test, would have not been able to concentrate upon the speech. There was too much else around to take the attention.

A Man Going Somewhere

But when Churchill entered the chamber, nobody noticed anything else, or anybody else. And there was nothing done to make this so. He just entered. A middle-aged man, in a dark business suit, with a short stocky figure and wispy thin grey hair. But his walk is not middle-aged. He walks like a young man going somewhere with his heavy shoulders getting him through crowds and his head set down on a low full neck close to his shoulders. His eyes are not the tired, puzzled, inward-looking eyes of the middle-aged. They are bright, speculative and whimsical like the eyes of a man at the fullness of vital maturity. His voice is a gift from God. You can describe it no other way. You might refer momentarily to the possibility that it has come from generations upon generations of culture and sensitivity and authority. But you leave that soon; it is so full of human warmth it must have been a particular gift to him.

He is the darling of the camera folk. Churchill is human; the most human thing now in the limelight of the world. And that, I believe, is mostly the secret of his amazing grip on the imagination of the people. The camera folk love him because he knows that the world loves pictures; and that people like to see faces. When he stood up in the House of Commons to receive the homage of Canada he took care that the cameras had a chance and enough time. He let everybody have a good long look; and he himself had a thorough good look at the crowd.

In a less human man, the action might appear as a showman's bid for attention. That was said about

In this article Miss Lawrence, who represented SATURDAY NIGHT in the Press Gallery when Winston Churchill addressed the Canadian Parliament on December 30, gives a vivid personal impression of the British Prime Minister.

It is not the aristocratic heritage of the man, nor even his great gift of eloquence which has given him his supremacy as a leader, although they have done much.

Rather it is his all-embracing humanity which best fits him to be a leader at this time, and hand in hand with this humanity goes a deep humility.

Churchill in his earlier history. It took time and a terrific change in people to make them realize it was in him something infinitely more vital than zest for the limelight. It is sheer natural joy in human experience; it is unflagging concentrated interest in what is going on around him; and response to it. He is a man who goes to meet life as it is.

Human Being Returns

He came to us when we were beginning to lose our faith in the human being. We had been under a deluge of ideologies. We had been under the awful challenge of the machine. Ideologies and machinery were swamping us; and the human being was beginning to disappear as a force, or even as a part of history in the world.

When we shout for Churchill we shout for the human power to weather anything that comes. And because it is such a relief to us we shout very loud and very long. Here is something, we say to ourselves, that can take the glare and the click of life as it is now, that can take the machinery and use it instead of being used by it; here is a man who is not afraid of the giant and sees the evil in the world as only another Goliath; who tells us Goliath has strong long legs, and strong long brains, but that there is joy to be

had in the exercise of the human will against the giant; and that the human being is greatest when he is most in trouble.

All these things Churchill says to us; and with mastery of words very much like the mastery David had who went after the first giant. Churchill's speeches are uttered rather than said. They are set down in a written text. Each sentence stands in a space by itself. On paper they look like verses; that is, it is the form familiar to us in the Scripture translations. One might guess that Winston Churchill had spent much time reading and re-reading the King James translation of the Bible. He uses English of that period; powerful, direct, richly intoned English. Yet it is simple. It is the English of poets trained to take the shortest route to an idea, and therefore using the most perfect word and the unforgettable, courageously emotional phrase. He strikes for the heart; because by the beats of their hearts men and women live.

Radio and Old English

The kinship of the old vigorous singing English of the sixteenth century to the twentieth century radio is a remarkable thing; and that we owe the discovery of that kinship to the British Prime Minister is another remarkable thing. Those who wish to be men, or women, of the hour, either in this hour or any future hour will have to study Churchill's technique. The radio has utterly changed the art of making speeches. No longer can a man roll his sentences along, one after another, or wind them through involved thought to great climax. Each sentence has to be delivered like a separate parcel; and while it has to be read following an exact text, it must sound as if spoken directly to one person; and that takes skill in language, but most of all it takes knowledge of the human heart.

Churchill made us all enjoy life and its experience while he was in the country. Those of us who followed him around Ottawa, and were close to him in the private conferences for the press, found, mysteriously and magically, that hard work was fun, and exciting fun. I do not believe there was one word of complaint uttered. And that, indeed, was something. Churchill himself had to

take a lot. It is no easy life to be a public person today. It is down right hard unrelenting work. By his own personal response to challenge he makes everybody respond. He suggests, by his attitude, by the force he has, by his words, by his mischievous smile, by the relish with which he takes everything, that this world tragedy, terrible though it is, has nothing in it to floor the human being.

Churchill's Humility

Now—this is not just cheer-leading. It is the human conviction of the most human man living on the earth today. It is the firm fixed opinion of a statesman. We, who were in the press conferences, saw the quick powerful Churchill brain in action. While he answered questions affably and often with a wise crack, he answered very carefully, taking quick thought, even though he was not to be quoted, of the effect of his answer on Great Britain, on the United States, on Canada, on the enemy should there be an unforeseen leak. While he answered one question, his mind, or part of it, was still exploring the answer he had given to the previous question. Several times he returned to the previous question; at each of these times he remembered accurately who had asked it, and turned back to that person. It is this remarkable organization of mind which gives him the power to hold the many lines of government and international strategy in operation.

There is another quality in Churchill which impresses the watcher and the listener. It is his humility. He knows that destiny in a terrific upheaval has made him for this time the crest on the wave of our human hope. He accepts it as such. It is a great quality, particularly on this continent where he receives adulation which might tempt even a saint. He said, you remember in Washington, words about the fact that had he been an American entering the House, he would not enter with an unanimous welcome. In Ottawa he included a sentence which had in it more than a shade of wistfulness about the fact that Mr. King had been Prime Minister for fifteen out of twenty years. In these delicate ways he paid tribute to the burden of leadership borne by Roosevelt, Mackenzie King and himself—the sorrows of which only they know in their souls; and he laid gently bare to our sight his awareness that destiny might be short, or might be long, but always was heavy with human pain. It was only in undercurrent that he touched upon this—that he had been tragically called to his destiny at the end of much suffering. The listeners heeded it a moment and passed on to think about the gallantry of this man from Britain who can feel joy and mysteriously give joy as he carries the responsibility of the people's trust and their demanding love.

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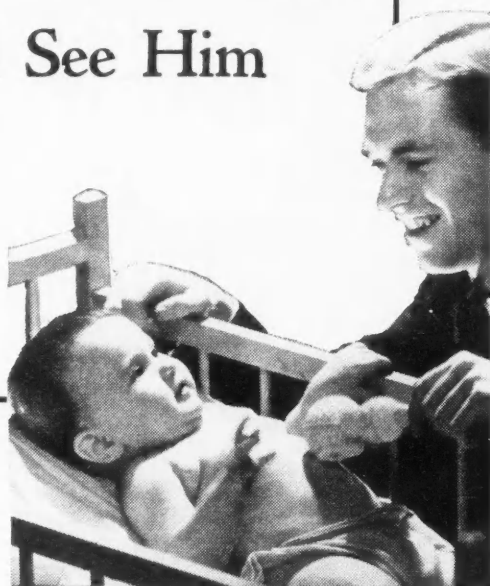
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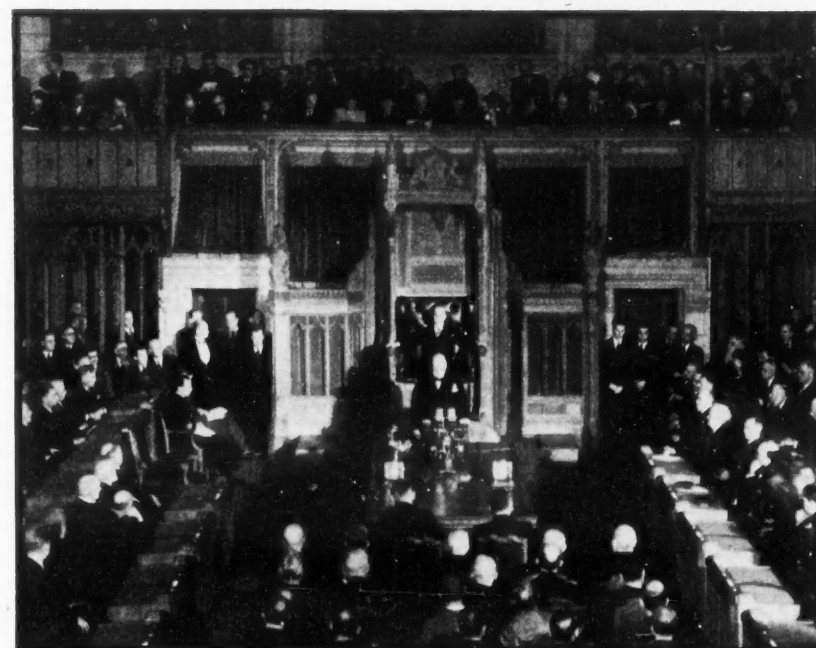
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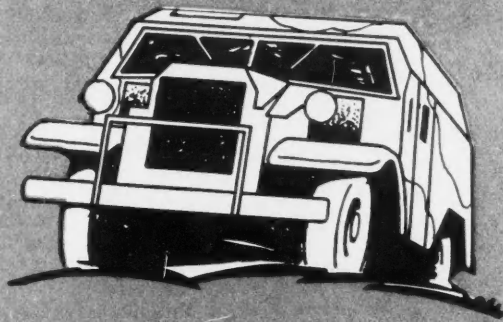


The Right Hon. Winston Churchill addressing the Canadian Parliament.

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CANADIAN - BUILT BY GENERAL MOTORS

THE past week has brought interesting new developments on many fronts. It has seen the appointment of General Wavell as Allied Commander-in-Chief in the Far East, and the first big Japanese defeat since the beginning of the Pacific War, at Changsha. It has seen the Russians sweep the Germans out of positions which they plainly intended should form a part of their winter line. It has brought bold new raids by our Commandos. It has witnessed a stand by Rommel's seemingly routed army at Agedabia, and hard German aerial and submarine blows against the flank of our advance through Cyrenaica. And it has at last confirmed reports that we were using auxiliary aircraft carriers for protecting Atlantic convoys.

The latter story came out when the Germans claimed, two days before Christmas, to have torpedoed an aircraft-carrier of the *Formidable* class. The following day they identified it as the 14,500-ton auxiliary *Unicorn*, "one of the latest British types, finished since the war began." In

THE HITLER WAR

Convoys, Commandos and Hitler's Air Power

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

succeeding days they piled on claims to have sunk 9 merchantmen and a destroyer, and damaged 2 other merchantmen. Apparently, for once, the Admiralty thought the real story too good to withhold. Out of 30 merchantmen, two had been lost in a five-day fight against a U-boat pack and long-range bombers, at the cost of at least three of the U-boats and two of the Focke-Wulfs. And the aircraft-carrier was a former German freighter, the *Hannover*, captured in the Caribbean by the Canadian destroyer *Assiniboine* in March 1940, and towed half water-filled to Jamaica.

Suicide Propositions

No details are given regarding her conversion to the aircraft auxiliary *Audacity*. But it doesn't seem likely that she was a mere seaplane tender. I know of no service seaplanes which could catch the Focke-Wulf *Kuriers* with their 300 miles or more an hour. In an earlier improvisation to meet this menace we used *Spitfires*, catapulted from the bow of one or more of the merchantmen in the convoy. If the attack occurred near to Ireland or Iceland, and the fight did not last too long, the pilot had a chance of making land. Otherwise he had the choice between bailing out with his dinghy, presumably after giving his position by radio, or trying a pancake landing near the convoy, if he could find it and the sea permitted. It was a near-suicide proposition, but if only one ship and its company were saved, the loss of plane and pilot were repaid many times over.

From the fact that the U-boat skipper reported the *Audacity* as an aircraft-carrier it looks as though it had had a flight deck built on. The "naval planes" of which the Admiralty spoke might be the 8-gun *Fairey Fulmar* with which we replaced our older Fleet Air Arm fighters a year or more ago, or the slightly faster American Grumman *Martlet* or Brewster *Buffalo*. It is hardly likely that the much faster new Vought-Sikorsky shipboard fighter, powered with an 1850 h.p. motor would operate from a small carrier. Probably the *Audacity* carried no more than 12 or 15 planes, half fighters and half reconnaissance bombers such as the *Fairey Albacore*, to spot and bomb U-boats.

The use of such auxiliary carriers, of fighters catapulted from mer-

chantmen, and of increased convoy escorts and sea and air patrols—the latter using many of the superb *Catalina* flying boats and *Liberator* four-engine bombers—has brought the loss of shipping on the Atlantic from air attack down to one-twelfth of what it was last spring.

The Art of Raiding

Rivalling the tales of German retreat in Russia for popular reading are the stories of the Commando exploits in Libya and Norway. It would be hard to beat in any thriller the raid on Rommel's headquarters, 200 miles behind the front, the night before our offensive was to be launched in November. Unfortunately, our men did not find Rommel at home, and had to content themselves with eliminating a number of his staff officers. Then they didn't make their rendezvous with the plane or armored car patrol which was to pick them up, and only a few out of a party of 30 survived by hiding out for a month in the Achedar hills.

More successful were the three Commando raids on islands off the Norwegian coast. These seem to have accomplished a number of worthwhile purposes. First of all they keep the German Command and the German garrisons worried about where we will strike next. They test the morale of the German garrisons. That at Vaagsoe (a tiny island at exactly 62 degrees North), drawn from a crack German regiment, fought from house to house until it was overwhelmed. But the men of a smaller garrison in the Lofotens, according to a correspondent on the spot, "had apparently made up their minds not to fight," and hadn't even hurried to dress and grab their weapons. This, in spite of the fact that all but one wore medals for bravery. From regimental numbers and from questioning willing talkers, some information can be had on German troop dispositions from such prisoners.

Can We Land in Norway?

The raids are valuable, too, for their effect in sustaining Norwegian morale. But most important of all is the knowledge which we gain about the possibility of landing expeditionary forces at some later date, and the experience which our men gain in the actual operation. It seems to me that the Commando raids (they are named after the Boer Commandos, which operated as independent units) prove that we could seize any or all of a dozen islands off the Norwegian coast in our opening move, supported as the Vaagsoe operation was, by long-range fighters from the Shetlands. On some of these we would then quickly prepare emergency landing fields. Better still, of course, if we could seize an island like that of Herda, off Bergen, which already has an aerodrome. Our sea control would then permit us to throw our main strength into the most promising of our several landings more quickly than the Germans could shift forces along the difficult fjord coast of western Norway.

If the Japs can land on the Malayan coast almost at will, then we could land in Norway. The main question is whether we want to; whether a major expedition in Norway is considered a useful venture. I still share Mr. Churchill's original feeling of April 9, 1940, that here is a place where we can fight the Germans to advantage. Besides the length of the German communications from the homeland, the nature of the country would lend itself to guerrilla activity by the local population, and by parachute troops and Commandos sheltered by the local population. How much a campaign in Norway would aid in the defeat of Germany is another thing. But it might be argued that for the pres-

ent we ought to fight where we can. If we want a limited operation, such as we have found in Libya but could not find across the Channel, then Norway is the place.

The only thing that could stop us is air power. If the Germans don't keep strong air power in Norway then it lies open to our invasion. If they do keep strong air power there, then it can't be used in Russia or the Mediterranean. Even if we didn't intend to put on a big Norwegian show we could achieve an important military end by keeping up the threat of one—just as Hitler has immobilized large British land, sea and air forces by his recurring threat of invasion of the British Isles.

Hitler's Great Worry

Air power, I think, is going to be Hitler's great worry from now on. We were able to take an exact measure of its strength in the summer and fall of 1940, when probably the largest proportion of its machines which it will ever be able to concentrate in a single theatre was used against the relatively small target of Southern England from excellent bases in France, Belgium and Holland. It may have recouped its losses fully and even increased its strength by the spring of 1941. But during that year it proceeded to spread its activity over four huge theatres, from none of which it can ever again free itself: the Atlantic, Western Europe, Russia and the Mediterranean. It is true that the bulk of the Luftwaffe was used in Russia. But the Air Ministry insists that half of the German fighter strength was held in Western Europe by the RAF and that increasing numbers of long-range bombers, of which we took an increasing toll, were thrown into the Battle of the Atlantic; while some hundreds of planes were held in the Eastern Mediterranean.

Hitler's air force must have suffered heavily in the Russian campaign. If it lost 2000 planes in two months of the Battle of Britain—and that was our confirmed figure—it must have lost three or four times as many during more than six months of ferocious fighting in Russia. The primitive conditions pertaining at the advanced aerodromes, the sudden shifting of the front, raids by guerrillas and the incessant counter-attack of Soviet aviation must have meant a high loss rate along the vast front.

The Luftwaffe may have a short-term advantage in the Eastern Mediterranean, as it can concentrate there more quickly than we can reinforce to meet it. It is pounding Malta with as many as 10 raids a day, and hammering from Crete against our line of communications along the North African shore. There may be a difficult time ahead for us here, and we may, in particular, sustain a heavy blitz against our naval units and against the Suez region. But Mr. Churchill said some months ago that we had almost as many air squadrons in the Middle East as we had in Britain at the outbreak of war (which would mean around 100), and it is out of the question that Hitler can throw as much air power against us in the Eastern Mediterranean at the present time, as he used in the Battle of Britain.

How he dare spread out his air power in the West as far as Dakar, and devote further strong forces to a campaign through Turkey towards Suez and the Persian Gulf, with the main Russian, British and American air forces at his back is hard to comprehend. And it seems even more doubtful if he will be able to re-concentrate in Russia for a renewed offensive next year.

If General Wavell were to judge him unable to threaten seriously in the Middle East or the Caucasus in the near future, he could shift most of his air squadrons and the best of his Indian divisions from one side of India to the other. Reports of our growing air strength in Burma and

talk of a counter-blow against the Japanese from here suggest that such a shift is already under way.

As our Far Eastern strategy takes dim shape, it looks as though there is no hope held out for the Philippines except as a delaying action, to keep the Japanese from exerting greater strength against Singapore. The latter is to be held, as Moscow was, and if necessary, as Leningrad was, with the Japs pressing all about it. Our three counter-offensive centres are shaping up as *Rangoon*, from which, with Chinese help, we will drive against the Jap flank and rear in Malaya; *Java*, from which American air and sea power will press the Japs back out of Borneo and eventually the Philippines; and *China* itself. Supplied with some air and armored power Chiang Kai-shek, who has thrown himself most co-operatively behind our plans, will in good time drive the Japs out of Northern Indo-China and the small enclave which they hold about Canton, and retake Hong Kong in the same way that the Japs seized it.

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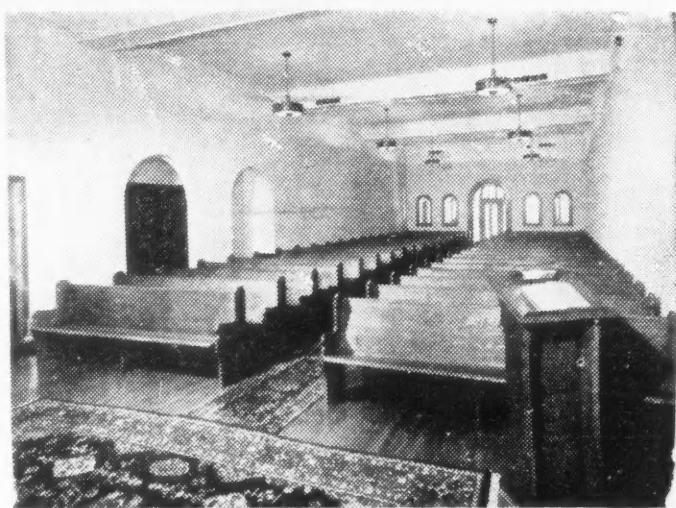
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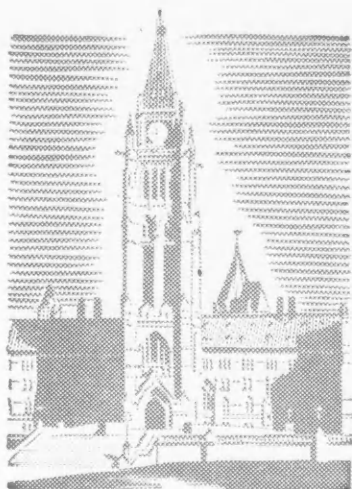


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AS I SEE IT...

BY *The Right Honourable W. L. Mackenzie King*

PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA

As I see it, this is a war for life itself. The attack on Pearl Harbor showed the whole world that no nation is strong enough or remote enough to survive in isolation. The forces of aggression are united; a union of the forces of freedom is essential to their survival. The very existence of the free world is at stake. There can be no compromise with an enemy determined to dominate the world by the ruthless power of Might. At last, the whole world knows that the fate of the city of Danzig, that the independence of Poland were never the real issue in this struggle. They were merely the excuse which Hitler seized to wage a war which today encircles the world. Hitler and his Nazi conspirators sought to conceal the magnitude of their sinister design to divide and destroy the nations one at a time. Britain was the first of the great free nations to tear off the Nazi mask. When Britain took up the sword to uphold Right against Might, Justice against Tyranny, Freedom against Slavery, Security against Terror, Religion against Paganism, the hope of Progress against the menace of Barbarism, the Future against the Past, Canada without hesitation stood at her side. Like Britain, Canada was quick to discern Hitler's evil intention to destroy civilization and to plunge mankind into the chaos of a reign of terror. Canadians may well be proud that they were the first of the peoples of the New World to perceive the world-encircling danger, the first to proclaim the true character of the struggle, and the first to take up arms for the preservation of life in the present, and of hope for the future. We clearly saw that everything free men value and cherish was in peril in this war.

Free men throughout the world are at last joined together in one great partnership. In this lies assurance of destruction of the evil forces which threaten the very existence of civilization. But the hour of victory and the hope of a new and better order for mankind depend upon the efforts of all who fight for freedom, truth and justice. These efforts cannot be made too great.

In this new year of new hope, we in Canada must strive harder than ever before. We must do our full part to make the ships and to man the ships which

patrol the North Atlantic passage; we must do our full part to make the planes and to train the airmen needed for the security of Britain and for the offensive against the enemy; we must provide food for the British people and for their fighting men as well as our own; we must provide arms and munitions in growing volume for Canada's fighting men and for the fighting men of Britain and the other allies; and we must maintain the Canadian army at full fighting strength.

More than ever before, it is apparent that the world can neither remain, nor long continue, half-slave and half-free. To preserve and enhance the freedom which we still enjoy, we must fight the evil forces of the enemy with every weapon at our command. We must fight, not alone to defend ourselves and our freedom, but eventually to rally to the side of freedom the peoples whose countries and whose lives have been so cruelly oppressed. Material weapons alone are not enough. In fighting for freedom we must uphold freedom; in championing truth, we must stand for the truth; in struggling against injustice and oppression, we must ourselves be just; in defending Christian civilization, we must be true to the great eternal principles. Only by adding to our material weapons, these great moral weapons, can we attain such a unity of effort that the enemy will know we shall never rest until we have achieved victory for the cause of Justice and Humanity.

I speak for the Canadian people as a whole, when I say that we are unreservedly determined to maintain our stand at Britain's side, and at the side of the other nations that fight for freedom. In that determination, we are resolved to put forth our utmost effort, until the day of ultimate triumph over the evil forces that now seek to dominate the world.

PRIME MINISTER.

★ This article is the first of a series, by Canadian legislators, on matters of vital World and National interest. This series will be published in newspapers across Canada; the next to appear on January 21st, followed by others on alternate weeks thereafter.

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Charles Latham, London County Council leader and top Labor M.P., who has been elevated to the peerage.

WORLD OF SPORT

On Prospects and Retrospect

BY KIMBALL McILROY

THERE arrives in the lives of most men a time when the inclination is to sit back comfortably, with the head supported, and gaze reminiscently into the past. This time comes to the sports columnist somewhere between Christmas and New Year's. Usually it comes early in the morning, at the first sight of his typewriter. It comes pleasantly, bringing with it the realization that instead of sitting down to honest work he can simply write a review of the year past, involving no effort. It is, as we say, a pleasant time.

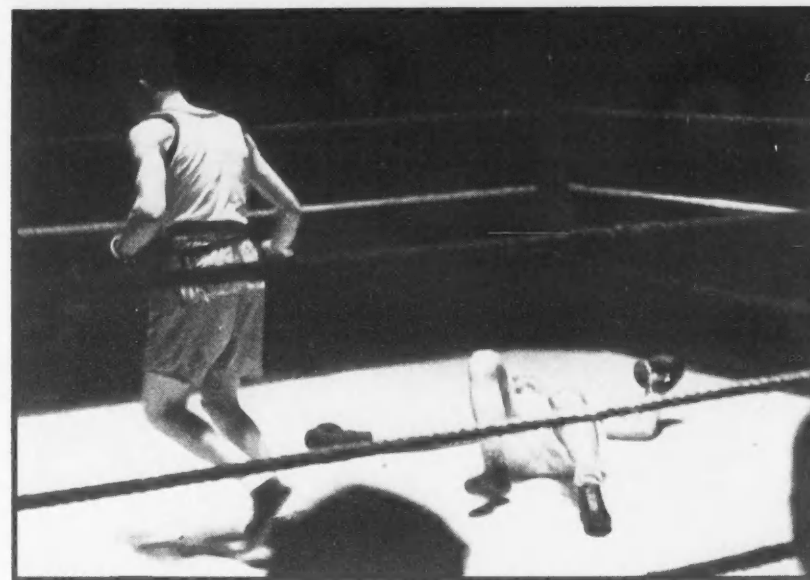
Three moments stood out in the year of sport recently gone. Two of them involved the dropping of a ball; the other the dropping of a left hand. The result in each case was disastrous.

There was no joy in Flatbush one chilly evening last October. The mighty Henrich had struck out. Now since this same Henrich was a member of a team engaged in mortal combat with the Prides of Flatbush, these facts would seem to constitute something of a *non sequitur*. Flatbush usually likes to see opposing players strike out, to the extent of occasionally assisting in the process with a deftly-wafted pop bottle. Usually, too, a ball game is over when the third man strikes out in the ninth inning. Everywhere but in Flatbush. There, one Mickey Owen was reaching eagerly for the ball, the joyous triumphant raspberries of the fans

like music to his ears, the game sewed up tighter than a Tammany job. But Mickey dropped it. Henrich and the fans stared, the former with dismay and then incredulity, the latter with incredulity and then dismay. Mickey went after the ball and Henrich went to first base. Henrich arrived before the ball, the game was suddenly wider open than a politician's palm, and the Yankees soon had won another World Series.

IN TORONTO one evening a month or so later the joy was comparable. There was little or none of it. At Varsity Stadium a few hours before the score had been tied in the Eastern rugby final, with less than a minute to go. The local stalwarts had the ball on their own twenty-five yard line, last down. The final result was in sight, because as everyone knew the Argos were at their best in a game's dying moments and anyhow the heavier (approximately three and one-half tons) Ottawa boys were tiring.

Back came the ball in a beautiful snap, out went the prospective kicker's hands, thump went the ball on the November turf, and thud went the hearts of some twenty thousand loyal supporters. Seconds later Ottawa had won the game. Not that it did them any good. This year they had to play a game to win the Grey Cup, and that's not the way they had become accustomed to winning it.



A recent boxing tournament held in England between the Irish Guards and a Canadian unit resulted in a win for the Canadians by a score of 19 points to 17. Here Guardsman J. Goulding has knocked Canadian K. Knowlan down for a count. Knowlan got back on his feet to win the bout.

The business of the lowered left hand occurred in June. A couple of boys had got into a fight. Boy name of Louis and another name of Conn. Everyone knew Louis was going to win easily, but people had neglected to inform Conn of this fact. Conn had somewhat earlier made the astonishing discovery that if Louis couldn't hit you he couldn't hurt you, and furthermore that Louis himself could be hit with things more legal than the ring-posts.

Suited the action to the thought, Billy had been staying away from Joe's punches and jabbing back with remarkable effect. Going into the twelfth he had a margin in points. In the twelfth he increased it. Coming out for the thirteenth, he made a sudden decision to win the championship by a knockout, basing his plan on the theory that Joe was no longer capable of defending himself. In this, regrettably, he turned out to be in error. Joe was still quite capable of defending not only himself but all the other Louises in the United States. In drawing back his right hand Billy lowered his left, and Joe planted him just like a geranium. It was a good fight and Billy would have been glad if he had won.

THESE were the high points, and in each case they represented tragedy. Tragedy for the protagonist, that is. His opponent in every case felt quite the opposite about it. There were a number of such triumphs during the year.

In the realm of professional hockey, Boston had looked pretty good at the beginning of the season. They looked pretty good at the end of the regular schedule. And they looked just fine when the Stanley Cup series was over. The only apparent reason for their monotonous success was the possession of the best team in the league. It was a good team last year and is a somewhat better team this year.

In baseball, the Dodgers and Cardinals staged a neck-and-neck struggle from Spring until Fall when the Dodgers, being more accustomed to sticking their necks out, did so and won. In the American League the Yankees had it pretty much their own way, basing their campaign on the theory that there is little or nothing which can be done about a home run. They then won the World Series, as has been mentioned previously, by the simple expedient of striking out. The sight of someone striking out against one of their pitchers so unnerved the Brooklyn boys that they fell apart at the seams.

Boxing saw very little excitement. Joe Louis defended his crown seven times. Conn almost beat him, as described. Buddy Baer knocked him out of the ring but failed to keep him there, and at the start of a subsequent round failed to leave his corner. Lou Nova unveiled his "cosmic punch" and wound up somewhere in the cosmos. Among the lighter weights a few titles changed hands. Lightweight Champion Lew Jenkins lost to Sammy Angott, the fight being of a calibre which led one observer to remark that in his opinion

Angot was the worst lightweight champion since Jenkins. Similar sentiments were expressed about most of the other contests.

Bobby Riggs won the U.S. men's singles tennis title in four sets over Frankie Kovacs, following which both men turned professional. This was considered by some to be the neatest trick of the year. Golf saw Craig Wood win the open championship with a broken back, and Vic Ghezzi triumphant among the pros. After making some unappreciated remarks about the course he was playing on, Bud Ward took the amateur crown with the boos of the gallery echoing in the cups.

THE New Year opens under a cloud. There is a general suspicion that bombers may be lurking behind the cloud, but when the air has cleared it is a pretty good bet that most sports will be carrying on as usual. Night games may suffer. They consume a lot of electricity, and the stadia make attractive and conveniently-illuminated targets. This does not apply, of course, to indoor events.

Among the best New Year's resolutions is one against making predictions. A better one, however, is against making resolutions. So it may not be out of order to predict that 1942 will see the Boston Bruins again triumphant in the N.H.L., the Cardinals and Yankees taking baseball honors, Joe Louis losing his heavyweight title either by decision or resignation, and the Regina Roughriders, if rugby is doing business on the same old stand, taking the Grey Cup.



Russell Allen, 26, of Detroit, calls himself a "natural man" because of his preference to go barefooted. He excites a good deal of curiosity as he paddles about in his bare feet and several times the police have threatened to "run him in", but he believes the habit is healthy and a conservator of shoe leather, and so he persists.



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THE PRAIRIE LETTER

Good Neighbors and "Hell-Bellers"

BY GALEN CRAIK

Creek News told the story of Shaunavon's shame in a recent issue.

While some of his fellow townsmen might think that "the night life, if any, of our town is not all it should be," he reaches the sound if somewhat smug conclusion, even if "comparisons are odious . . . that Maple Creek is a pretty respectable place."

In any event, the editor believes Maple Creek can point the finger of scorn at Shaunavon. And in his own words here's the reason why:—

"The Mounted Police got busy at Shaunavon last Saturday night raiding this and that spot, with the re-

sult that around 50 people appeared in court the following Monday and paid fines totalling nearly one thousand dollars. The fine-paying group was made up of keepers of gaming dives and players, keeper of a bawdy house, inmates and frequenters and bootleggers. . . ." Then follows a report of what Shaunavon's town

fathers have done to meet this civic crisis, with one councillor expressing the very sound conclusion that the "gaming houses should be closed, so should bawdy houses which he thought were worse, and bootlegging joints."

The Maple Creek editor sums it all up neatly, if not with undue modesty:—

"And so you see, folks, while we may not be lily white, we are a long way from being as bad as those hell-bellers who live across the Cypress Hills in Shaunavon."

Verily, the spirit of the Old West still prevails. So far there have been no reports of shootings from the southwest corner of the province.

THE principle of the good neighbor is still a moving force on the prairies. Life on a western homestead can be a rigorous, discouraging matter at times, close to unbearable were it not for the friendly, helpful spirit of the man on the next farm, who is always ready to lend a hand and to be a good and cheerful companion while doing so. The farmer who is in trouble knows he need never worry about getting his crop in. His neighbors will take care of that, and look upon their kind deed as a matter of course.

A case in point is the experience of John McCaskill, Gladstone, Man., farmer, who spent most of the past summer in a St. Boniface hospital. Friends from the surrounding district harvested his crop and plowed his land later in the fall. Stephen and O. McCaskill got out their tractors, hitched two binders behind each of them and made short work of the cutting job. Then, a few weeks before freeze-up, neighbors organized a plowing bee, at least ten men appeared with their tractors and the sod on 100 acres of good prairie land was turned in record time. Garage operators supplied the fuel for the tractors.

The *Winnipeg Free Press* printed a picture of the ten Good Samaritans, facing the camera resplendent in the glory of their baggy-kneed overalls, roll neck sweaters and smocks, shapeless caps and battered felt hats.

Alberta too has a similar tale to tell. At Morrin, not far from Calgary, Farmer T. Ankers was sent to a Calgary hospital with a bout of illness. Ten or a dozen neighbors and friends hitched up their teams and greased their tractors and in this case, too, the sick man's crop was quickly and efficiently harvested.

Prairie Town Names

Some of the names proudly boasted by Saskatchewan towns are a cause for wonder to the sedate visitor. Here is the story of how a couple of them got their names. First is Bredenbury, sleepy prairie village set in the rolling, wooded country of eastern Saskatchewan. When Archie Thompson, oldtimer of that district, first arrived there in 1887, supplies could only be obtained at Whitewood—a 60-mile trip by ox-cart.

What with the times being hard, money scarce and oxen being about the slowest beast of burden known to man, the early settlers were often forced to live on bread and berries for considerable periods. That section of the country came to be referred to jokingly as the "Bread and Berry" district, and when a town grew up there the "Bread and Berry" title stuck, with the more polished title of Bredenbury finally being adopted.

The little village of Success, in "ball-headed" prairie country 25 miles northwest of Swift Current, and whose appearance greatly belies its name, also boasts its story. Before 1912 Rev. J. Rosser Jones, a long-headed Presbyterian minister with an eye to a bargain, owned most of the land where the hamlet now stands. The Canadian Pacific Railway wanted part of this land as a townsite, and the Rev. Mr. Jones and a C.P.R. buying agent dickered for more than a year before the man of God either gave in or received a particularly attractive offer, for he closed the deal. So elated was the railroad man that he jubilantly despatched a telegram to head office. It consisted of one word—"Success." When it came to the point of naming the infant town, concerning whose future such great hopes were held, a railway official remembered this telegram and they christened it "Success."

Finger of Scorn

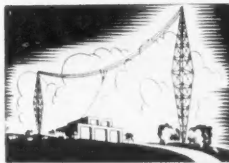
We had thought that a decade of drouth had pretty well taken the spirit out of the inhabitants of southwest Saskatchewan, but judging from the tone of the weekly press down there we were mistaken.

It seems that there was a bit of trouble at Shaunavon one Saturday night recently. Chidingly, but we hope in the friendliest of spirits, the editor of the neighboring *Maple*



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freedom's battle fronts . . . news that upholds faith and morale. Piercing the walls of hostile censorship, the inspiring words of Churchill — Roosevelt — all the great leaders of democracy—are carried by the light of radio into all the lands once free . . . to keep alive the spirit of freedom.

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SATURDAY NIGHT, The Canadian Weekly

THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY ROBERTSON DAVIES.

Breaths from a Gallery Catalogue

SIGHT AND INSIGHT, by J. W. L. Forster. Oxford. \$2.50.

THIS book of essays is described by Sir Robert Falconer in his *Foreword* as "an interpretation by Mr. J. W. L. Forster of the ideals as an artist which he steadily kept before himself during his long life as a portrait-painter"; admirable tact is shown in this definition, for it permits the reader of the essays to make his own judgment upon the value of those ideals, and to draw his own comparison between the professions which the late Mr. Forster has set down in his essays, and the results which he achieved, and which are shown in the many illustrations to the book. The reader must often be reminded, as he reads what Mr. Forster thought about art and about himself, of the *Autobiography* of Benjamin Robert Haydon, another artist who had a conviction of his high moral purpose, but whose ideals were belied by his actual painting. It is permissible, and even desirable, for a critic of painting to be an artist of sorts—the case of Roger Fry springs at once to the mind—but it is certainly unwise to print the critical theories of a man who wished to be known chiefly as a painter. Time plays some cruel tricks on painters, and it is unlikely that Mr.

Forster's successors will take his theories in the spirit in which he wrote them.

Mr. Forster emerges from these pages as a sincere and honest man, deeply convinced of the greatness of his profession, sure that he was the master, rather than the servant, of his art. It is impossible not to become fond of him when reading his book. But Fate, which has lamentably little respect for our moral systems, gives the highest sort of artistic ability and insight to all sorts of men, including rogues and scoundrels, and sometimes neglects more obviously worthy recipients. When future generations think about artistic insight they will think about the unspeakable Goya, and not about the eminently worthy and lovable Mr. Forster. As Aldous Huxley has pointed out, with sadness and pity, there is absolutely no substitute for talent. Perhaps, in a few million years or so, when Man has succeeded in imposing his own ideas of morality upon the dark, inscrutable Forces which mould his destiny, the Good will also be the Talented; until that time we must take our luck with what grace we may. Mr. Forster accepted his luck as a popular portrait painter during an unsatisfactory period of art with a very good grace. He was happy to be what he was, and

possibly that is better than enduring the burden of genius.

There are passages in this book which repay reading, for they give the reader an inkling of the way in which the mind of an academic painter used to work. Mr. Forster has provided notes which tell of the inspiration and execution of some of his most admired pictures. Their names are like a breath from a gallery catalogue of an earlier age: *The Old Story* (a girl being given a branch of blossoms by her lover), *Gossips* (village women chatting by a well), *The Missive* (a minuet on the Plains of Abraham, one of the ladies holding a parchment missive which, in the painter's words, "spells romance"), *Rival Schools* (two girls' schools passing each other on the daily walk, an incident which provoked "violent hilarity"), and *A Young Philosopher* ("a merry youngster in rags in the rain under an umbrella that was literally nothing but tatters and drip"). There were many pictures of children, with whom Mr. Forster enjoyed "many a scamper and romp"; "children have a way of awakening our better natures," he says, "and they certainly did bring out the best that was in me as painter and friend." The book is amply illustrated.

The Ends of the Faceless?

BY STEWART C. EASTON

the most powerful and destructive of these cankers in the political life of the world has an importance that far transcends his immediate subject. His admirable objectivity of method, despite his obvious passion, makes his book one to be read and studied not only by those who seek to learn something of French politics, which, for once, in his pages makes sense, not only by those who have an interest, perhaps morbid, in the sinister figure of his hero, but by all those who believe that democracy is still the best method of government yet known to man, if only it can be purged of its offences.

A perfect book to be read in conjunction with this tale of infamy is *A Thousand Shall Fall* where is told in most beautiful language the tale of the end-results of Laval and those like him. Though it is only a personal history and adventure story of one man in the Battle of France, its dignity and simplicity make it speak for all those who were betrayed and yet lived to keep alive the spirit of the country and of all humanity. Hans Habe, a Hungarian writer living in Switzerland, volunteered for the French army the first day of war, and fought and retreated until he was

captured by the victorious Germans after the Armistice. Within two months he escaped and came at last to America. Though I cannot pretend to have read all the books written about the last war, I did read a great many of them. I do not believe that anything was written either during or after it, to equal this, perhaps because the story of the defeat of France had a dramatic unity denied to the earlier victory. There is little recrimination and little talk of ideologies. But the message is unmistakable, and only gains power from its understatement. The issues of the war have never been shown with such profound clarity, though all by implication. No thinking person can afford to miss it.

Both these books have been translated by Norbert Guterman, who has performed his task almost perfectly, with a sympathy and insight worthy of the subject.

ANOTHER book of light verse is *Aunt Hattie's Place* by Edna Jaques (Thos. Allen. \$1.00). Most of these pieces have already appeared in Canadian magazines and papers, and Miss Jaques' admirers will be glad to have them collected into one book.



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WAITING LIST

There have been no vacancies in the senior school since last August and applications made since that time have had to be placed on a waiting list.

There will be some vacancies next April and next September, applications for entry then are being filed in the order in which they are received.

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The examinations for the Memorial Scholarships, of the annual value of \$500 each, will be held on May 7th and 8th. Full information will be gladly sent on request to the Headmaster.

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THE BOOKSHELF

Books About Britain

SO MANY books about Britain are appearing these days that it is impossible to review them all at length; indeed, there is very little to be said about many of them. They record honest convictions of their writers, but these convictions are either of the kind which we all hold, and which therefore require no lengthy endorsement, or they are prophecies by more than usually myopic prophets. The three books reviewed here are better than the average, but no one of them will set the Thames on fire.

WILLIAM O. STEVENS is an American traveller and painter, not apparently of the whirlwind type. He has said his say about Britain in *Forever England* (Dodd, Mead, \$3.75); obviously he loves England very much, and so it is impossible to be offended when he rallies the English about their cold toast and their manner of decapitating, (or bashing) eggs. He is a zealous, but not entirely accurate observer, and he has a fondness for exploded legends, but his heart is in the right place, and he is clearly a man whom English people would like but never understand. Journalists will be interested in his reminiscences of the late Lukin Johnston. The book is

illustrated with his own drawings and sketches, which are pleasant but not especially noteworthy.

ANTHONY ARMSTRONG is one of that pleasant, gentle group of humorists who have been the backbone of *Punch* for the past twenty years or so. In *Village At War* (Collins, \$2.50) he gives us a charming account of life in the English countryside at present; it is neither as idyllic nor as grim as some people would like to believe. Evacuation of children from London, the problems of rationing, and the stupidity of the Ministry of Information are discussed with wit and (if the adjective may be applied to a country writer) urbanity. This one is recommended highly to homesick Britons.

A MUCH heavier line is taken by John Sutherland Bonnel in his *Britons Under Fire* (Ryerson, \$2.50). Dr. Bonnel is minister of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York, and he went to Britain to attend the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. He visited many ecclesiastical notabilities, and he saw much to make him grave. He has recorded his impressions in a strong and simple narrative which makes excellent reading.

not appear for several months which would not be much help either to the publishers or to readers. The book is *101 Years' Entertainment*, edited by Ellery Queen (McClelland and Stewart, \$3.50). It is an anthology of short detective stories written in the past hundred years, beginning inevitably with *The Purloined Letter* by Edgar Allan Poe, and ending with *The Perfect Crime* by Ben Ray Redman written perhaps a few weeks ago. In between there are some fifty of the best short stories of crime ever written. Some have never appeared in a bound volume before; many we have never read. The most glaring omission we notice is a short story from Squire Sprigge's *An Indiscreet Cavalier*, the best collection of crook stories we ever came across. Readers will be surprised to see among the authors represented Pearl Buck, Lord Dunsany, T. S. Stribling and Hugh Walpole. They will miss, perhaps, *The Gipsy Smile* by Aldous Huxley, but only, perhaps, because this masterpiece is to be found in other anthologies. Though we have only glanced through the book we have no doubt at all that it is the best thing for the detective story connoisseur which has been published in 1941. . . . *Here's Blood in Your Eye* by Manning Long (Collins, \$2.35) is a sprightly little number, sparkling in dialogue, sufficiently bloody and far better than the average. It has some original twists, among them the

love affair between the heroine and one of the pursuing police officers. . . . *She Got What She Asked For* by James Ronald (Longmans Green, \$2.50) is no such masterpiece as the author's previous *This Way Out*, but is still considerably above average. . . . *The Women in Black* by Helen Reilly (Macmillan, \$2.50) is a typical product by one of the gifted Kieran family. Some critics say it is Mrs. Reilly's best. We don't think much of the common sense of such critics.

This devil which Mr. Feuchtwanger met there was not a malevolent, deliberately cruel creature. He even had a few likable qualities, but at his worst he was characterized by stupidity and apathy and a something the author calls *je-m'en-foutisme*—don't-give-a-damnism.

Thousands of people who had sought sanctuary in France suffered from this official neglect of duty and honor in the appalling conditions prevalent in the French internment camps. Many men imprisoned for no good reason at all became seriously ill from worry and malnutrition; some died, a few took their own lives. Mr. Feuchtwanger has, as he often remarks with considerable satisfaction, occasionally been referred to by the Berlin radio as the 'Enemy Number One' of the Nazi regime. Yet as soon as war broke out he was imprisoned by his fellow enemy of Hitler and barely succeeded in escaping with his life when this singular ally fell.

Because it is a record of slackness and inertia on one side and continuous boredom and suffering on the other the narrative sometimes drags a little itself. But the other story keeps it moving. The story of men suffering terribly in a tortured world, of their tragedy, their despair, their defeat and their unconquerable spirit. The story the author alludes to when he says in conclusion, "My delight in God has not lessened, but my fear of the Devil has."

Fear of the Devil

BY MICHAEL RYAN

THE DEVIL IN FRANCE, by Lion Feuchtwanger, Macmillan, \$3.50.

ALTHOUGH these have been described as epic times it is a notable fact that so far they have produced no literature that could be so called. Perhaps this is to be expected, for good writing is after all the product of reflection which is itself dependent on a certain amount of leisure, a commodity dearly bought in wartime. At any rate Lion Feuchtwanger, who of the many modern novelists is the one perhaps most often described as possessing the 'epic imagination,' has not attempted anything very great in his latest book. *The Devil in France* is simply the record of his experiences in a French concentration camp during the summer of 1940.

Insight Into Social Forces

BY B. K. SANDWELL

IDEAS FOR THE ICE AGE, by Max Lerner, Macmillan, \$4.

MAX LERNER, who startled America in 1938 with his first book, *It Is Later Than You Think*, is a man of great insight into the social forces that are playing upon us at the present time, and are so close to us that most of us cannot tell whether Mr. Lerner is seeing them rightly or wrongly. Yet it is something to be able to reprint at the end of 1941 an article written in May 1938 on the attitude that America should have taken to the Spanish Civil War, and not to have to blush for anything in it. The attitude that the United States did take was that of the embargo, under which for a time the State Department sought to bar the passage even of nurses, doctors and medical supplies. This embargo "played into Franco's hands and those of Germany and Italy," the U.S. is at war with two of these today and at the moment of writing seems pretty certain to be at war with the third. Mr. Lerner (writing, as noted, in 1938) sets forth the "effective forces" which led to the embargo.

The first which he names is the Chamberlain Government of Great Britain, to whose plans "a speedy Franco victory is central." Can we now, three years later, say that this was incorrect? Would anybody dare to reduce this statement further than to make it read that the Chamberlain Government would have been very reluctant to see a Loyalist victory?

The second force in the list is "the Catholic vote." Nobody is likely to deny that the leaders of Catholic opinion in the U.S. were strongly pro-embargo. Mr. Lerner hints that their working-class following may have been a bit less ardent in support of Franco, and marks the irony of the fact that the most effective blow in defence of the Chamberlain foreign policy was struck by the American Irish—an irony which we do not doubt has been noted, though not commented on, by the *Toronto Telegram*.

The third force was the permanent staff of the State Department, "a political elite and a corps of experts" with an instinctive distrust of democracy.

This is not mere history. When Spain becomes openly what it has long been unofficially, the ally of Germany, Italy and Japan against the United States and Britain and Canada—when Americans and Canadians begin to be killed by shells fired from Franco's territory, people will begin to be interested in this matter, and to wonder whether Mr. Chamberlain and the hierarchy were much nearer to being right than the Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion. The moment may not be distant; there are Canadian engineers in Gibraltar. The attitude of Canada in the Spanish Civil War was the same, for the same reasons, as that of the United States. It may have been a mistake. If so, those in both countries who, possessing knowledge, were yet responsible for that mistake will have a heavy reckoning to pay.

All this is about only a single chapter—seven pages—of the new Lerner book of 420 pages. Nearly all are equally interesting. One calls the cult of the Supreme Court "the characteristic emotional cement by which American capitalism and American democracy are held together." One says: "No intelligent program of American action can be formulated until our intellectuals and our statesmen have made the attempt to understand the nature of the contemporary revolution." That goes for Canada too.

The Crime Calendar

BY J. V. McAREE

FOR the first time in our experience we find it necessary to review a book before we have read it. If we waited to read it, the review would

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To wear under a suit, this blouse designed by Lydia Moss in coral Viyella. Barrister's bib collar trims yoke topping three stitched pleats.

Ned was courting Alice

Spoken words may not be necessary in the moonlight, but soft hands certainly are! For soft hands can speak a love language that all men understand. Romance doesn't change. A woman's hands snuggle into a man's firm clasp today, just as they did when Alice loved Ned. And for sixty years, romance-minded girls have followed Alice's example—they keep hands smooth and soft with Campana's Italian Balm. To celebrate Campana's sixtieth year this famous skin lotion is now made in two ways. The "Original Formula" as known since 1881, and the new "Improved".

..and Alice found
a true man's heart
in her soft
young
hands



One of these TWO Campana's
will suit your skin best



One hand lotion rarely suits all skins. For some skins are drier—some skins are exposed more—also one's living and working conditions make a difference too! So two Campana's are here to match all skins, meet all conditions. The "Original" for colder weather... extra dry or sensitive skin... The "Improved" faster finishing, lighter weight for milder weather, less dry skin.

Both are made from costliest ingredients. Each has Campana's famous double action—softens the hands as it protects them. Campana's Italian Balm acts fast—lasts long. Use it regularly for lovely hands. Prices—18c, 25c, 35c, 50c, and \$1.00.

DRESSING TABLE

To Make a New
Woman of You

BY ISABEL MORGAN

HOW would you like to put on your hair with your hat?—be blonde, sweet and feminine in the morning, a titian intellectual in the afternoon, and a brunette femme fatale in the evening? How would you like to wear any hat by changing your coiffure to conform with it in less time than it takes to run a comb through your hair? How would you like to drive your friends quietly mad? Does all this sound like a fantasy from "Lady in the Dark"?

Well, it happened in real life not long ago when Coiffmetics were introduced to a pop-eyed audience in New York. The big surprise of Coiffmetics was a series of utterly new, utterly different "hat-dos"—hats with false hairpieces of synthetic hair attached—to give a woman as many different personalities as she wishes, and to show her that she can wear any hat she takes a fancy to... toque or cloche, cover-up or off-the-face... as long as her coiffure is right.

In Hat-Dos, the hat and the coiffure are combined so that each creation is in itself a work of art, representing a definite feminine type of personality. The color and the texture of the hat and the plastic hair are carefully combined to complement themselves as well as the face beneath.

The coiffure news included such things as parted hair as a change from the unbroken line of the pompadour; braids and pigtailed in abundance, including a Mexican looped pigtail; and reverse rolls and curls culminating in a dramatic "reverse pompadour" coiffure, recommended for the busy woman who wants to keep every hair in place without devoting much time or effort to it.

Now, at last the originator of Coiffmetics says, a woman need not be a slave to one coiffure or to one hair color or to one personality type. Would you like to wear a thick red braid with a mauve wool turban? It doesn't matter if your hair is short and brown—the red braid is part of the turban, and once your own hair is concealed underneath you're an exotic redhead. Or, if it's a down-in-back hat you've a yen for and your upsweep won't permit, you needn't harm a hair on your head—just put on a hat with its own beautifully coiled chignon attached. And, for cocktails under soft lights, you might essay the ultimate in drama with a silver-blue coiffure attached to a wine velvet cocktail toque.

The show was sponsored by a group of New York women's organizations connected with war work among whom were the Women Flyers of America, and a daytime coiffure was created specially for them. This was a reverse pompadour with the hair combed forward toward the face, fitting the back of the head like a pilot's cap and framing the face in a soft, sleek halo which keeps its place—even in the midst of a tail-spin.

It was a grand show, made lots of money for the various organizations sponsoring it, and not intended to be taken too seriously.

HATS FOR EVENING

Reflecting the trend of the times and perhaps because there are fewer occasions demanding formal dress, the gay sparkling little hat comes into its own in the evening. It's being worn with the more informal type of frock to crown it with a lightly decorative air. These hats always are small in size, and sequins and feathers figure prominently in the trimmings. The hats shown here are by various well-known designers.



Glittering black sequins completely cover a tiny pillbox which has extended wings edged with stiff net.



Iridescent coq feathers spotted with red and green sequins form a snug cap with upcurling quills above.



Black velvet for after-dark wear has velvet rosette centered with pastel ostrich feathers, sequin accents.



For after dark party-going this very feminine hat with a fan-like arrangement of net spangled with sequins.



Black Chantilly lace ruffles under the velvet brim extend to tie under throat. Blue, pink ostrich tips.



A dramatic burnt orange feather is posed over the brow and then proceeds to curl itself over the hair.



Blue felt pompadour hat lavishly embroidered with gold and purple sequins. Worn with a purple wrap.



Draped folds of a mauve satin toque, placed far back on head, crowned with mauve and magenta roses.

THE FILM PARADE

Woolley's One Man Theatre

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

tempt. That's the worst of an idea in Hollywood. It's always habit-forming.

I GIVE *My Life* (Danielle Darrieux, Anton Walbrook) has a topical interest, since it describes the Japanese attack on Port Arthur which parallels so significantly the surprise visit to Pearl Harbor. It's a French picture but the English language has

been dubbed in so successfully that only the rather weighty pace and direction mark it as a foreign film. There's a love story of course and pretty Danielle Darrieux has been wonderfully orientalized into a tragic Russo-Asiatic. The romance, however is hardly convincing and the film is chiefly interesting to military strategists. If you are interested in seeing how undeclared war was conducted back in 1904 *I Give My Life*

explains it all in exact and often painstaking detail.

I KNOW the Mardi Gras is a joyful and colorful spectacle but the fact remains that at the first appearance of a Mardi Gras celebrant on the screen I usually find myself drifting off to the Ladies' Room for a cigarette. Maybe I was dragged off to too many joyful and colorful parades by eager adults in my childhood.

Louisiana Purchase has a lot of Mardi Gras in it and a lot of wisecracks (most of which seemed to have to do with the Roosevelt tenure) and it has Bob Hope and Victor Moore and Zorina; and all I seemed to get out of it was that old worried feeling out of the past that I wasn't having as much fun as I ought to have.

THE *Man Who Came To Dinner*, transferred to the screen, makes a fine brisk opening for the New Year. It's still as savagely whimsical as when Mr. Alexander Woolcott's merry friends first thought it up, or as when Mr. Woolcott first thought himself up. As is fitting, the central role is played by Mr. Monty Woolley, now so closely identified with the original that there seems to be some uncertainty whether Woolcott made a celebrity of Woolley or vice versa. By this time nervous hostesses probably sprinkle ashes on their front steps for both.

A few of the hero's more visceral comments have been cut. To make up for these omissions Warner Brothers have lightly tossed into the cast Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Billie Burke and Jimmy Durante, all in minor roles. (There's only one major role in *The Man Who Came to Dinner* and Monty Woolley has it and isn't for sharing it with anybody.)

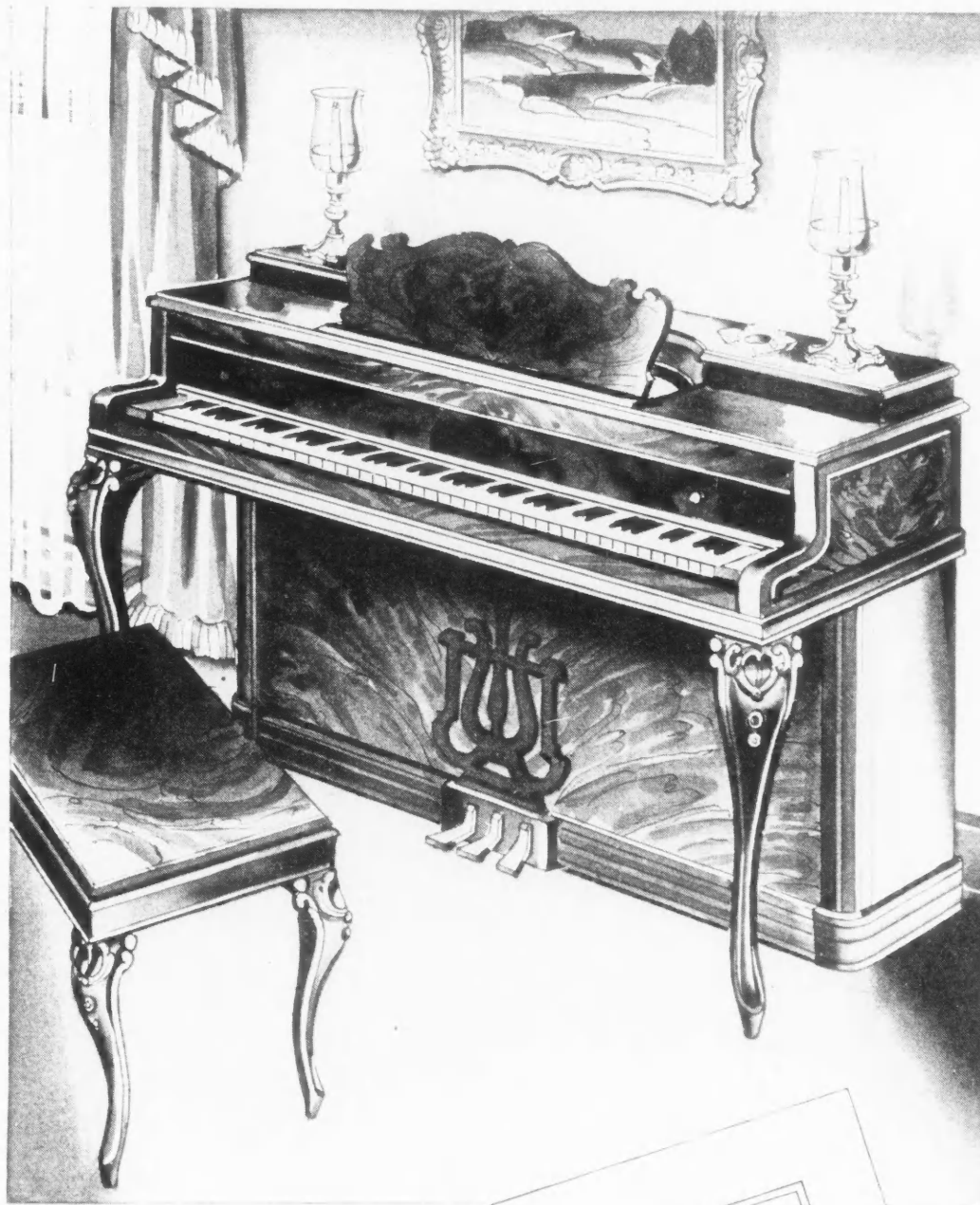
Anyway it goes to prove that Bette Davis can play practically anything—comedy, tragedy, or just second fiddle, which must be hardest of all. And as though to increase her handicap, she wears clothes that look as though they had been selected, with immense pains and sagacity, by her worst enemy; clothes that manage to be excessively plain without any compensating simplicity. By contrast Ann Sheridan is dressed to the whites of her eyes, and acts her comedy role with a violence that the Davis curtness and reticence very effectively rebuke. It can't be denied that Bette Davis has qualities that compel attention no matter how inconspicuous her wardrobe or her role.

Monty Woolley's Sheridan Whiteside is of course a resplendent piece of work—as it should be, since Mr. Woolley had nothing to do for years, practically, but sit in a wheel chair and polish up the part. It's strictly one-man theatre, and he could probably have played it through tri-

umphantly with nothing more than the Dead End Kids for support. However Warner Brothers preferred to do the thing handsomely, and everybody should be satisfied. Davis fans may possibly be a little shocked to see the star merely thrown in as an added inducement, like a butter spreader on Gift Nite. But if Miss Davis doesn't mind, why should we?

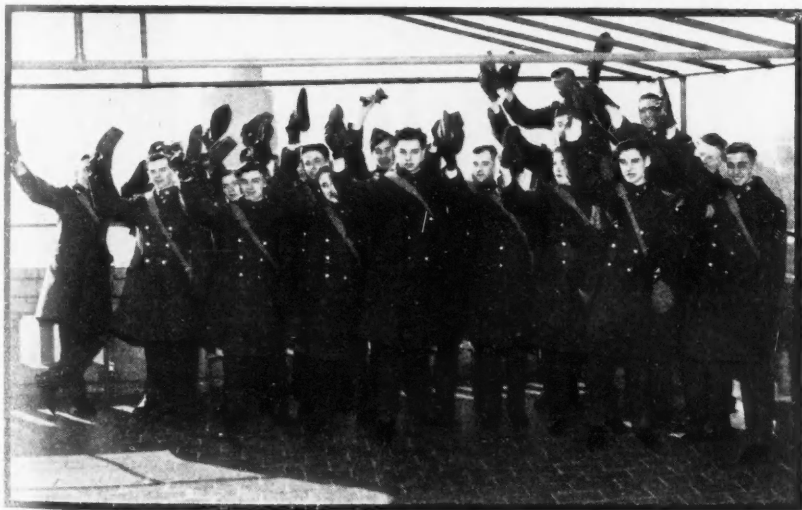
IT WASN'T such a good idea to call the latest "Thin Man" picture *The Shadow of the Thin Man* since that obviously is exactly what it is—the mere outline and reflection of what was once the liveliest substance. It has William Powell and Myrna Loy, smooth and ageless as ever, and Asta the dog up to all his old tricks. The picture is up to most of its old tricks too, and though like Asta it sometimes looks wise and smart, you know it is just operating on its conditioned reflexes. There's a murder and Nick is called in and plays hard to get, because it is the fashion now for screen detectives to be coy and reluctant and have to be coaxed. He does get involved however after the second—or was it the third?—murder, and a routine whodunit is unreel, with moments of domestic comedy and one sequence at a wrestling match which recaptures for a moment the imperturbable cockiness and toughness of the original. It's only a flash however. *The Thin Man* was one of those spontaneous and beautifully co-ordinated jobs that can never be repeated, though producers can never quite bring themselves to give up the at-

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Simpson's



Canada is preparing its youth for a world locked in conflict and at the same time is not forgetting those who are already serving the Allied cause. Above: A group of Canadian Air Cadets, ranging in age from 12 to 18, sightseeing on the roof of the Hotel St. Moritz, New York. The organization to which they belong is known as the "Kindergarten of the Royal Air Force". Below: Seamen from all corners of the world enjoy the hospitality of the Seamen's Club in Halifax, which is owned and operated by the Navy League of Canada. An average of 2,000 to 3,000 merchant seamen seek the comfort of the Club daily. Into the building and furnishings have gone \$350,000 donated by Americans and Canadians.



THE LONDON LETTER

Britain's Farmers Remember the Last War

BRITAIN'S farmers are having a good time. Wages have gone up—to a £3 a week minimum for farmhands. The price of everything that the farmer hires or buys for his business has gone up. But he doesn't need to worry. He can sell anything he can grow, and the prices are right. If he ploughs up new land, he gets a subsidy. If he needs a tractor, the Government will see to it that he is provided with one. If he wants more hands, the Government will send him down a lot of nice pink land-girls simply shining with eagerness. He is the Government's white-haired boy. The nation is hungry.

But farmers are worrying. They remember the last war. Then, as now, the cry was produce, produce, and do, for God's sake, go on producing. Then there were controlled prices, protection and guaranteed profits—or practically guaranteed. So farmers put every penny they could raise into the land, increasing and developing their holdings. They thought the good time would last for ever. And then—well, then came the end of the war. The Germans collapsed, and so did the farmers. The good times were suddenly over. The nation was no longer hungry.

So, not unnaturally, a good many farmers are asking themselves if the same thing is going to happen again. It is true that this time they have been promised protection for a year after the war is over. But a year is a short time in the slow movement of rural economy—a very short time indeed in which to get back the money that is being put into the reclamation and development of the land. A good deal more than that will have to be done, if British agriculture is to realize the future of stability and prosperity that is being so freely promised to it. The only question is—what?

The other day in London they held a "Look to the Land" luncheon, at which Mr. R. S. Hudson, the Minister of Agriculture, presided. Mr. Hudson is a very keen and capable man—not a farmer, of course. Ministers of Agriculture hardly ever are. At the same time, it is generally acknowledged that he is making good in his extremely difficult job.

In his address Mr. Hudson stated the large underlying problem of British agriculture very frankly and clearly. What it really boils down to is the British Farmer vs. the Cost of Living. It is the old, old problem of agriculture in a highly industrialized community. If town workers are to go on getting cheap food, when the war is over, British agriculture will continue to be a "sweated" industry. Protection means higher prices.

Mr. Hudson's solution is that the

BY P. O'D.

tax-payer and the consumer must in future bear their fair share of the burden—in other words, subsidies and a higher cost of living. But the burden need not be so very much greater, he suggests, if only the costs of distribution are ruthlessly cut down. Quite a large and important "only"! As Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Hudson apparently did not feel called upon to explain just how this ruthless cutting down is to be effected. That, I suppose, is somebody else's pigeon—and a very tough bird! More like somebody else's crow, in fact.

Pity the Doctors

Doctors are having rather a bad time. Some of them are far too busy, there being not nearly enough of them to go around in some places. Others are not busy enough, as their patients, for one reason or another, have moved off somewhere else. I am speaking, of course, of doctors still in civilian practice, and not of those who have been called up or have volunteered for one or other of the Services.

But what doctors seem to object to more than anything else is the appalling number of forms they have to fill and certificates they have to sign. We all have to do a lot of that sort of thing nowadays, but we have only our own forms and certificates to bother with. They have to do their own and those of other people as well—forms and certificates of all sorts, and by the dozen. And not a penny for the doctor in the lot! It is regarded as simply part of his public duty.

The doctor goes into his surgery, as one was complaining the other day, and finds it crowded with people. It looks like good business, but it isn't. More than half of them have come, not for advice and treatment, but with sheafs of paper to be filled in and signed. And it is not the sort of routine matter that can be dealt with in a minute or two—certainly not always. Often it means questioning and even an examination. Whether it does or not, there is no fee.

There are, it seems, more than 30 different kinds of forms and certificates for the doctor to deal with—Army forms for family allowances, income-tax certificates for people with invalid dependents, dental attention certificates, milk certificates for people trying to get an extra supply, certificates for children unable to attend school, war injury certificates, Labor certificates for people who claim they can't do the work

they are being asked to do, certificates for exemption from such public duties as A.R.P. and fire-watching, certificates for people claiming extra petrol for "reasons of health," certificates for eye examination, certificates for people who say they can wear only special gas-masks. And so on and on, not forgetting all the medical certificates that normally come to a doctor to sign.

No wonder doctors are grumbling! Theirs is an exacting life at the best, without all this unpaid clerical work being wished on them. It is the unpaid part of it that hurts. Even a quite small fee—except in the case of really poor people—would help a lot. But there seems to be no prospect of the authorities making this concession. They probably feel that filling in forms should be a pleasure. Think of all the fun they get planning the things! If they didn't, they wouldn't invent so many or such complicated lay-outs.

St. Martin's Crypt

It is sad news that St. Martin-in-the-Fields may have to close its hospitable crypt. The fine old church in Trafalgar Square is famous for various reasons—famous for the brilliant preachers who have occupied its pulpit, famous as the parish-church of the King and Queen, but perhaps most famous of all as the parish-church of any destitute poor devil who wishes to seek refuge there from the wind and the weather.

Day and night the door of St. Martin's stands open for the homeless. When the rain drives or the cold bites, they crowd into its crypt from dark doorways and arches, and from the benches of the Embankment. Whatever more spiritual sustenance they may find there, they find at least warmth and shelter. And there is no policeman compelled by his duty to order them to "move along." For the time being they are at rest and are safe.

The provision of even such primitive accommodation as this involves expense. The crypt must be kept warm. There must be a certain amount of light. Someone must be on duty. So nondescript a collection of humanity could not be left without supervision of some sort. Not all of them could be expected to remember that they are in a church. Even a grateful hobo is still a hobo.

All this means money, and money at St. Martin's is running very low. Small congregations and high taxation—the war. In the old days of the Rev. "Dick" Sheppard and the Rev. "Pat" McCormick, attractive personalities and brilliant preachers both, money flowed steadily in. But



Since Germany has become occupied on the Russian front, London has enjoyed a respite from intense air attacks, and has taken advantage of the lull to clean up traces of the bomb damage on the site between St. Paul's Churchyard, Ave Maria Lane and Newgate Street. This is the latest view from St. Paul's Cathedral. Below: George Hicks, M.P., watches metal salvage from the Blitzed Chamber of the House of Commons.



it flowed just as steadily out in charitable and social work of many kinds. And now the stream appears to be drying up at the source.

It may be that the present incumbent, the Rev. Eric Loveday, lacks something of the eloquence and personal charm of his predecessors, though he came to St. Martin's with a very high reputation. But a man named Eric would obviously have a hard time following in the footsteps of two men named "Dick" and "Pat."

There is something more than usually significant in those two nicknames. They stood for a quality of human sympathy and warmth that was the distinguishing mark of St. Martin's—a quality that not every clergyman possesses, and a quality that is not to be acquired, even with prayer and fasting. You have it or you haven't, and that's the end of it.

The crypt must not be allowed to close. Already a movement is on foot to raise funds for it. There should be no insuperable difficulty in getting the necessary money. It is an admirable form of charity and a popular one. And there is still quite a little money left that the tax-collector hasn't got his hooks into.

Protection for Lambs

Every now and then in the newspapers one sees a little paragraph stating that Mr. So-and-So, a solicitor, has been convicted of the misuse of his clients' money, and has been sent to prison—usually for a long term. The sentences are nearly always severe, but apparently not severe enough, for the thing goes on happening. Perhaps no sentences would be sufficiently deterrent, where the temptation is great, the loot considerable, and the opportunities endless.

Defaulting solicitors are not unknown in other countries, but they are probably nowhere so successful as in England, because nowhere else are they so completely trusted. The family solicitor is an established institution here, and generally he is entirely worthy of the confidence placed in him. He is more careful of his clients' money than of his

own. But when he does go wrong, there is nothing to stop him—nothing but the fear of distant retribution. And naturally he hopes to be able to cover everything up.

So every now and then one hears of these pathetic cases, in which families have lost nearly all their money because they didn't look after it themselves, but let their solicitor do it for them. I know one very charming and cultured old gentleman, who used to be extremely wealthy. His solicitor went to prison for seven years. But my poor old friend has ever since had to live on an income of about £200 a year—all that could be saved from the wreckage. Fortunately he is a bachelor.

The odd thing about these people is that they are usually so little embittered by this criminal betrayal of their trust. If they speak of it at all, their attitude is nearly always one of bewilderment. They cannot understand how Mr. Parchment could have done such a thing. Poor fellow, he must have been in a really desperate position.

I even know of one family who, when their solicitor came out of prison—after doing them down for about £100,000—promptly took him on again. When their friends remonstrated with them, they said that they didn't see how they could very well do anything else. He and his father before him had always looked after their affairs, and no one else really understood them. Besides, they thought the poor man had really had his little lesson.

Perhaps nothing can save people like that, but Parliament and the Law Society are out to do the best they can. A new Solicitors' Act has been passed—it received the Royal Assent last week—which obliges solicitors to hand in once a year to the Law Society the statement of a chartered accountant to show that everything is in order with their clients' money.

In addition the Act authorizes the establishment of a special compensation fund for the payment of claims against defaulting solicitors. All solicitors must contribute, which seems a little hard on the good ones.

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BOVRIL is a fine pick-me-up and is both tempting and delicious to the taste, especially when appetite is finicky.

WHY NOT TRY ITS SAVOURY GOODNESS!

WELL, it's all over now, Twelfth Night included, and we are out again on the long run which leads to next Christmas. Housekeepers should have a private celebration with each other when the rites of Twelfth Night are done. Curious how little interest the Christmas cards of 1941 aroused. It seemed rather a bore even to have to open them and stick them up on the mantelpiece. The Christmas tree looked shabby without its electric lights which could only be turned on when the "Save-electricity-for-war-industry" enthusiast wasn't around. The tree seemed to realize its shame and dripped needles even more quickly than usual, but the cats liked it and managed to bat off and break some of the better decorations with their paws. Maybe they knew where they had come from and had been listening to Churchill on the radio.

Phyllis McGinley puts the Twelfth Night feeling into a neat piece of rhyme.

"Nothing is left. The postman passes by now

Bearing no gifts, no kind or seasonal word.

The icebox yields no wing, no nibbled thigh now

From any festive bird.

Sharp in the streets the north wind plagues its betters

While Christmas snow to gutters is consigned

Nothing remains except the thank you letters

Most tedious to the mind,

And the bright gadget which must wait no longer

To be exchanged (by stealth) at Lewis and Conger."

Well, we must settle down to the job of housekeeping à la 1942. There will be fewer cooks, less money to spend, less variety in the shops. Economy will be preached and, I hope, practiced in this country—which so far has only had to worry about letting out its belt because of a surfeit of obtainable good food rather than boring new notches on the small side of the buckle.

One of the difficulties about economizing when maids are scarce is the time element. If you suddenly find yourself cook, nurse and parlormaid, plus what you had done before in your day, you can't take hours tenderizing a piece of stewing beef

CONCERNING FOOD

Back to Business

BY JANET MARCH

with loving care, or whip up a slow cooking sauce to turn a dull but cheap vegetable into something rather special. The tendency is to buy filet mignon and open a can, and there your dinner is ready in just a few minutes.

This is a problem which, if you are cookless, you will have to work out with your budget and your personal timetable. And remember the War-time Prices and Trade Board is asking all women to keep careful and accurate accounts. Not just "Roast—\$2.50" but "7½ pound wing roast—\$2.50", itemized. This doesn't take long if you do it every day and don't have to sit straining your memory backwards, but it does take a minute or two, and in spite of this it should be done painstakingly by every Canadian housekeeper after every shopping bout.

Here are a few fairly speedy recipes for the hurried cook which aren't as expensive as filet mignon.

Corn Beef Pie

- ½ cup of finely chopped onion
- 2 tablespoons of butter
- 1 can of tomatoes
- 2 tablespoons of flour
- 1 tin of corned beef

Of course you probably know that if you don't want your hands or utensils to smell of onion you should wash them first under running cold water. It's disconcerting to go round sniffing onions only to find that your own forefinger is the offender.

Melt the butter, and stir in the flour till it is smooth. Add the tomatoes and onion and cook till the mixture thickens, stirring all the time. Break up the corned beef into smallish pieces and add it and let it all simmer for ten more minutes. Pour into a deep pie dish and cover with a biscuit crust and cook in the oven until the crust browns. N.B. You probably know that you can buy

quite good ready made pastry, which only has to be rolled out.

Fish Loaf

- 2 cups of cooked fish
- 1 cup of soft bread crumbs
- 2 eggs
- ½ cup of milk
- 1 teaspoon of lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon of chopped parsley
- ½ teaspoon of grated onion
- ¼ teaspoon of paprika
- ½ teaspoon of salt

Mix all the ingredients together, having first beaten the eggs lightly. When they are well mixed pour into a buttered covered mould and oven poach till the loaf is firm all through. This will take thirty to forty minutes. Serve with drawn butter or, if time allows, a fancier sauce such as Hollandaise.

Pork tenderloins are some of the pieces of the pig which we can still eat to our heart's content as they do not ship them to England. Instead of stuffing and roasting them in the usual way try doing this to them.

Pork Tenderloin and Apple

- 2 medium pork tenderloins weighing about 1½ pounds
- Bay leaves
- Salt
- Pepper
- 2 apples

Slice the apples, and if they are big ones cut them into smaller rounds with a cookie cutter. Cut the tenderloins into slices about an inch thick, and season the pieces of meat well with salt and pepper. Heat the frying pan and add a very little fat. Then sear the bits of meat on both sides till they are lightly browned. Reduce the heat, put a small piece of bay leaf on each slice of meat, and also a round of apple. Cover

—you can use up yesterday's mashed potatoes to good effect.

Potato Roulettes

- 2 cups of mashed potatoes
- ¼ cup of milk
- 4 tablespoons of grated cheese
- Seasoning.

Stir the milk, cheese and seasoning into the potatoes, and it will be much easier to do this if you heat the potato in the double boiler first. When it is well mixed drop spoonfuls on a greased baking pan, and brown in a moderately hot oven.

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Queen Mary and the War

BY JEAN MERRILL DU CANE

THIS spring she will mark her seventy-fifth birthday and Queen Mary might be forgiven if she took the attitude that she had already braved the horrors of one world war, and that World War No. 2 might demand no more from her than an occasional sympathetic visit to a hospital or the encouragement of a local knitting circle for the troops.

And what is the truth? Last summer there had been a blitz near her war-time home. Hun bombers had roared over all through the night. Early next morning, her sleep disturbed by the gunfire and the planes, she learned that the mayor of a town in the neighborhood had just opened a home for the bombed mothers, and the first contingent was arriving. Tired as she was, Queen Mary insisted on going to see how the night's raid evacuees were being treated in the rest home.

She visited every room. "Yes, yes, it is all very comfortable," she said, "but I want to see what goes on be-

hind the scenes. Take me to the kitchens—" "It is hot in here. Very hot," she said.

A woman worker explained. "You see, M'm, we'd been meaning to take these windows out before the hot weather came and fit muslin, but we couldn't find the men to do it."

That evening along came some of Queen Mary's own staff. They took out the glass panes, fitted perforated zinc, lined the glass roof with cool, green canvas and transformed the kitchens.

Camp Concert

Queen Mary has spent some fifty years preventing people being shy in her company.

ENSA were running a film show at a local camp, and when Queen Mary heard of it she said, "I missed that film when it was in London. Do you

think I could go?"

"It's only one of those camp concerts," they told her. "The soldiers pay 3d. to go in."

"Then I will pay my threepence," she insisted.

The little wooden hut began to fill up, but there wasn't the usual cheerfully rowdy atmosphere. All the boys were shy in the presence of Queen Mary.

"Can't they put on a gramophone?" she whispered to an official. "I'd like to hear the men joining in the choruses."

It was a great success, created just the right atmosphere, and 300 shy soldiers were set singing by this thoughtfulness.

Angle of a Hat

A glance at Queen Mary's diary shows that she is living almost as active a life now as when, in 1914, she was busy reorganizing the domestic arrangements at Buckingham Palace to meet war conditions.

Now, just as in 1914, she regularly rises at 8 o'clock and joins the family breakfast.

If she is to travel some distance during the day, perhaps visiting a distant R.A.F. Fighter Command station, she will be up by seven and ready for the car journey by 8.30 at the latest.

She went to visit an A.T.S. company and took a great interest in the well-being of the girls.

Suddenly she stopped in the middle of the conversation and asked an officer: "How do you like those hats?"

"Ier-I think they would..."

"Yes, I think so too. They would look much better a bit more off the face," smiled Queen Mary.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Famous Contralto Comes Back

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH



Marian Anderson, great American singer, whose concert at Eaton Auditorium on Thursday night was attended by a large and remarkably enthusiastic audience. She will make her second appearance in the Artist's Series tonight, Saturday, January 10.



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THE Columbia Opera Company of New York is an example of how a singing organization can grow from modest beginnings into an important unit. When first seen at Massey Hall three years ago it seemed a "scratch" organization, with one really outstanding artist, the baritone, Antonio Chigi, whose dramatic brilliance as *Count di Luna* and *Rigoletto*, and vital comic spirit as *Figaro*, were memorable. Last week the able conductor, Emerson Buckley, had under him several soloists of real distinction.

Of special interest was the return to the stage of the great contralto, Margaret Matzenauer, who made a sensation thirty years ago at the Metropolitan Opera House as *Amneris* in "Aida" and was a star of that institution for many seasons thereafter. She stepped out in her prime and is but sixty today. Her retirement was due to a misfortune which often assails singers, that of avoirdupois. To many a prima donna there comes a day when she must face the alternative of retaining her voice or retaining her figure; if she tries to reduce she injures her voice, and if she does not the public refuses to accept her in the roles which call for slenderness and beauty. Matzenauer was probably the greatest *Dulcinea* and *Amneris* of her time. There is but one great contralto role in which appearance does not matter, *Azucena* in "Il Trovatore," and of that Matzenauer gave a thrilling performance, not only because her tones are well preserved, but by the dramatic significance of her phrasing.

Another creation of outstanding interest was the *Marguerite* of Lucille Manners, well known as a radio singer. She has a voice of large compass and substance, beautifully produced. In appearance she is the ideal *Gretchen*, and sang the "Faust" role more like an infatuated maiden and less like a prima donna than any *Marguerite* one has heard in years. She had the advantage of being associated with Eugene Conley, whose rendering of the love music was marked by sensuous beauty. Her dramatic gifts were manifested in a daring but entirely legitimate stroke when on the death of *Valentine* she went mad before the eyes of the audience and emitted peal after peal of hysterical laughter; it was sensa-



Angna Enters, great dance-mime, will appear at Eaton Auditorium in a recital of her own creations on Tuesday evening, January 13, at 8:30 p.m.

tional, but carried conviction. If other singers have thought of this legitimate effect before, their difficulty has probably been to find a *Valentine* who would consent to being robbed of his "curtain" by such an outburst; the role is a favorite with famous baritones, and one can imagine what would happen if such an effect were tried on Lawrence Tibbett or another equally famous singer.

Among the fascinating performances of the week was the *Gretel* of Luisa Caronina. Neither a child nor a beginner, she must have studied the ways of little girls, for she danced through the part like a restless but darling imp.

Stewart at Detroit

Reginald Stewart recently appeared as guest conductor of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra at a concert in which the Wagnerian soprano Helen Traubel made her first appearance in that city. The organization has frequently played under Mr. Stewart in connection with the Ford Hour, and its response to his authoritative personality made a very fine impression. Among his numbers was the First Symphony of the 18th-century composer William Boyce, first revived at the Proms in 1937. Other works which delighted the audience were Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" and Ravel's "Alborado del Gracioso," which Stewart was to have played here last June on the night when an amazed public learned that he was no longer conductor of the Proms.

The most important item on the

program was the majestic Immolation Scene from "Götterdämmerung," in which the orchestra was associated with Miss Traubel. Detroit critics were emphatic in praise of both prima donna and conductor.

For Young Composers

It will interest many ambitious young musicians to know that this year the Canadian Performing Right Society will continue its competition for native composers under the age of twenty-two. When the contest was inaugurated early in 1937 the world was at peace, but the third and fourth competitions were held under the shadow of war. Strangely, this circumstance seemed to stimulate rather than retard creative effort. Yearly there has been an advance in the quality of the submissions. The truly national character of the event is demonstrated by the fact that awards have gone to composers in seven of the nine provinces. As in the past, the major award will be a scholarship of the value of \$750 at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, with three additional cash prizes of \$50 each; and there will again be a junior division with prizes of \$25, \$15 and \$10 for competitors under sixteen. Senior entrants must submit two MSS., one being a song. All entries must be delivered by March 1 at the Society's office, Royal Bank Building, Toronto, where application forms may be had.

Calgary's Young Orchestra

For the past few years the Mount Royal College Junior Symphony Or-



Risë Stevens, of the Metropolitan Opera, who recently appeared in the film, "The Chocolate Soldier," will sing at Eaton Auditorium on Thursday and Saturday, January 15 and 17.

chestra of Calgary, conducted by the distinguished violinist Jascha Galperin, has been making steady progress. When it started in 1936 it consisted of some forty junior violin pupils, who have grown in years and artistic capacity. It now boasts a symphonic structure of 67, of whom 46 are string performers, with a full complement of wind executives. Last spring it roused enthusiasm at the Alberta Provincial Festival, when the adjudicator, Dean Arthur Collingwood of the University of Saskatchewan, stated that its performance was the finest by an organization of the kind in all his Festival experience. Generous citizens of Calgary have supported it by providing funds for purchase of instruments. Under Mr. Galperin it will give its first concert for 1942 on January 22, when among other numbers it will play Gluck's Overture "Iphigenia in Aulis" and Eric Coates' "London Suite."

BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

BY P. W. LUCE

TWO B.C. men, Dr. R. H. Clark, head of the chemistry department of the U.B.C., and G. Cave-Brown-Cave, chief analyst for the B.C. Mines Department, have evolved a process for preserving fish nets that will be worth nearly \$2,000,000 a year to the fishing industry of the province. By treating the nets with a preservative based on chlorinated rubber, depreciation is arrested to a very marked degree.

The cost of nets varies from \$100 to \$1000. In some localities they last only six weeks. In others they have a life of two seasons. Hitherto no satisfactory preservative has been found, for those that saved the nets from rotting had such a strong odor that the catch of fish was seriously affected. The new method has no such drawback. It costs only from \$12 to \$15 to treat an average net.

The discovery has been made at an opportune time. Supplies of linen twine are about exhausted, and there is not much prospect of getting in new stocks until after the war.

His 1951 Holiday

Most of us spend a good deal of time planning for a vacation, but not many can approach the record of George Stone, an electric lineman of North Vancouver. Three years ago he started getting ready for a holiday he plans to take in 1951. If all goes well.

It's no soft idling fortnight Mr. Stone is preparing for. He's going to sail for the headwaters of the Amazon in a ship he's building all by himself. That mighty river of the south, as most of you have forgotten, is 4000 miles long.

Stone's craft will be a 36-foot trawler-cruiser with a 10-foot beam, and drawing 4½ feet of water. It will have accommodation for ten persons. When completed, it will represent an investment of \$3000, exclusive of the 40-horse power diesel engine

which will drive the boat along at nine knots. The owner must also find another \$2000 to cover the expenses incidental to the long journey, so he isn't spending very much of his lineman's pay in unessentials these days.

The cruiser will be launched long before 1951, but Mr. Stone plans to take his son Ronald along to the Amazon as first mate, and the lad is only eight years old as yet. Another member of the family, three-year-old Carole, who will be of the party as well as her mother, must also be given a chance to grow up first.

So far, Mr. Stone has never handled anything bigger than a dinghy, and he hasn't yet had a chance to study navigation, but he has no doubt he'll have his master's papers long before he sets sail in his eventful voyage through the Panama Canal to the old Gold Coast.



Ray Lev, the eminent Russian pianist, who will play in the Salute To Russia concert at Massey Hall on Saturday, January 10. Other artists to appear will be Benno Rabinof and Maria Marova. Proceeds go to Russian War Relief through Red Cross.



The popular quartet, The Southernaires, will appear for the second time within a twelvemonth at Massey Hall on Thursday, January 15.

THE OTHER PAGE

Wild Poets I Have Known: Edwin Markham

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

THERE'S something rather fortuitous about fame. It has the trick, like a *luftwaffe* bomb, of falling in unpredictable places. And, often it comes at unexpected times.

Fifty years ago, out on the West Coast, there was a swarthy-faced young man who had herded sheep, had been a farm-worker and a blacksmith's helper, and, later on, taught in village schools. But that boy, who might so easily have remained "brother to the ox," was born with the gift of song. He wrote lyrics that nobody looked at. He carpentered together poems that awakened no comment. Then one Sunday in 1899 the San Francisco *Examiner* printed a poem of his based on Jean Francois Millet's painting of a French peasant.

That poem carried the title of "The Man With The Hoe." It was copied from paper to paper and spread like a pandemic across the country. It was spoken from pulpits and recited by school-children. It jumped the Atlantic and was translated into thirty different tongues. One critic called it "the battle-cry of the next thousand years." There is even a tradition, not without its irony and not, I'm afraid, without its touch of exaggeration, that the poet made a quarter of a million dollars out of that metrical sermon on social injustice.

The Byronic miracle of waking up and finding himself famous was repeated with Edwin Markham. Yet "The Man With The Hoe" isn't Markham's best poem. He himself preferred his "Lincoln." The fame-bringer, he once said, "was just a chance stroke and caught the eye and ear of the world." With it, however, he struck twelve, as Joyce Kilmer chanced to ring the bell with his "Trees," which no scholar would rate as his worthiest effort. How and why such things happen I'll have to leave to the college professors and that coterie of specialists who know more and more about less and less. Good wine, of course, should need no bush. But the eye of the world often overlooks a worthwhile artist until some romanticizing incident or accident starts the ball of public attention rolling. Shelley makes love to three women at once and gets drowned at Spezia; William Watson comes out of an asylum and writes a

magnificent "Ode In May"; Kilmer is killed on the Flanders' battle-front; or Rupert Brooke is cut off in his youth at far-off Scyros. Markham, still able to sing his "Eighty Songs at Eighty," wrote fifteen hundred poems. Not one of them was bad. He stands known by only one of them. Labor in 1899 had no Lewis to vespilate on its rights, and no C.I.O. to champion its cause. It was without a voice. An obscure writer of rhymes out in California happened to articulate something that lay silent in the mighty heart of mankind and Edwin Markham went to town.

HE WENT to town in more ways than one. He undertook an anabasis to that Bagdad-on-the-Hudson where talent finds both its rewards and its dangers. I first met him, early in the century, when I was taking myself rather seriously as literary editor of a now dead and vanished magazine fallaciously known as *Success*. My boss was the portly and kindhearted Bob Mackay, for whom I'd worked earlier when he edited the New York *Sunday Herald*. Bob, though lucid-minded in most things, had a liking for poets. When Markham dropped in one day with a contribution for *Success* Bob called me into his office and introduced me to the man of the hour. The bearded and patrician-looking Markham, twice my age, impressed me as serious-minded and a trifle remote, so much so that I was a bit surprised when he asked Mackay and me to spend the next Sunday with him at his Staten Island home. On the appointed day I rose early, met Bob and his wife at the Battery, boarded the New Brighton ferry, and proceeded to the poet's comfortable but undistinguished abode in Westerleigh Park, undistinguished, at least, except for its accumulation of thirty thousand books.

It should have been a wonderful day. But something went wrong. It

began when Markham was reading some of his newer poems to us, and when Markham read he read with a full-lunged strenuousness that brought a dewing of moisture to his brow. One of those poems was "The Wall Street Pit," with its now well-known opening lines:

I see a hell of faces surge and swirl
Like maelstrom in the ocean.

THE trouble started when I in my youthful crassness ventured the opinion that the elided article before "maelstrom" weakened the line and that even a passing irregularity in the rhythm was preferable to the elision. And in doing that I made an early and important discovery. I stumbled on the fact that when poets read their poems to you they are not looking for criticism. What they want is approbation. Markham had been a teacher for many years, and teaching, as usually happens, had given him a touch of the pedagogic. Even at that time, too, he had known a good many platform appearances, and platform appearances, I've observed, tend to impart to celebrity a sort of institutional solemnity, a statuesque grandeur, not unlike that of Grant's Tomb or the Cleopatra Obelisk in Central Park. They stand sanctified by the world's approval. And it's just as well to check your sense of humor in the parlor-room when you approach either a Lincoln Memorial or a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

I'm not trying to say that Markham was steeped in vanity. But the public had made him the Muse of Labor and he was honest enough not to dissimulate his child-like craving for further endorsement of that apotheosis. An artist has to believe in himself. Yet there remained with Markham a certain simplicity, a simplicity of character and habit oddly akin to Walt Whitman's. There was something primitive in the bearded and Homeric figure with its furrowed brow and its flashing dark eye. And I found out how that eye could flash. For I annoyed Markham that day. I annoyed him just as a pert girl-reporter annoyed me a short while ago by asking why I began so many sentences with "And."

I WAS sophomorically stubborn and stuck to my point. Markham was equally decided in his opinions. And friction, as usual, developed heat. But by the time we sat down to supper, that Sunday, the skies had cleared again. (I later on made amends, I might add, by my *Success* review of his next book, which any sane critic could honestly praise. Markham, in fact, thanked me for that review and especially for my use of the adjective "Miltonic".) I remember that for that Sunday supper Mrs. Markham, with her own hands, made hot biscuits. They were wonderful biscuits. "And you ought to know," observed Bob Mackay on the way home, "for I kept tab on you, Arthur, and you got outside seven of them!" But Catherine Markham, quite above and beyond her biscuits, was a wonderful woman and a wonderful wife. She, too, had the gift of language, but for many a long year she was the quiet-voiced guide and counsellor of genius, the back-stage critic and collaborator, the liaison-officer and interpreter of an autocratic and slightly apocalyptic mate. For Markham most unmistakably was a man of genius. The world reformer may have merged into the social lion; the neglected Oregon youth may have luxuriated a little too naively in his later success, with its dinner readings and inaugural odes and labor-union appearances. In 1930, in fact, the Borough of Richmond officially proclaimed Markham's birthday a Staten Island holiday and hundreds of school children took part in a parade to his Westerleigh home and followed the parade with a pageant in the good gray poet's honor.

ade to his Westerleigh home and followed the parade with a pageant in the good gray poet's honor.

BUT the author of "The Man With The Hoe," it must be remembered, was a thinker and a great phrase-maker. He was an adroit technician, a master prosodian. He created many majestic lines. And if the folds of the prophet were draped over-voluminously about him they didn't entirely obscure a lyric quality rarely matched in American verse. Yet an accruing tendency towards the messianic, while it may have been his strength, was also his weakness. The simple note of the singer was lost in the organ-roll of the social reformer. And the trouble with hitching your wagon to a star of reform is that when the reforms are effected the wagon of rhapsody is apt to lose its carrying power. But Markham's appeal remained more than one-dimensional. He caught the interest of the intellectual because

of his artistic dexterities. He won the support of the proletariat because he espoused the cause of the common man.

All his life Markham, enveloped in the *gegen-schein* of the seer, wanted to write a poem against war. But he never got around to it, though he did appear before a convention of several thousand druggists and delivered himself of a poem in behalf of narcotic addicts, a sermon in verse called "Slaves Of The Drug," and a sermon in which, I hardly need point out, purpose triumphed over poetry. This happened again in 1930, with his mechanically impassioned plea for the rebuilding of the Jewish homeland in Palestine.

But the long, full life was drawing to a close. The once virile mind was by this time losing its vigor. The patriarchal philosopher became perverse and childish. Before his death in 1940—in his eighty-eighth year—the natural infirmities of age had overtaken him. It was necessary to have him declared incompetent by the courts. His memory failed him. He no longer knew his old friends. Those last shadowed months he lived in a dream-world of his own. He was no longer in Westerleigh Park, but in the rolling hills of the west, once more a youth riding the range and babbling of cattle and camp-fires.

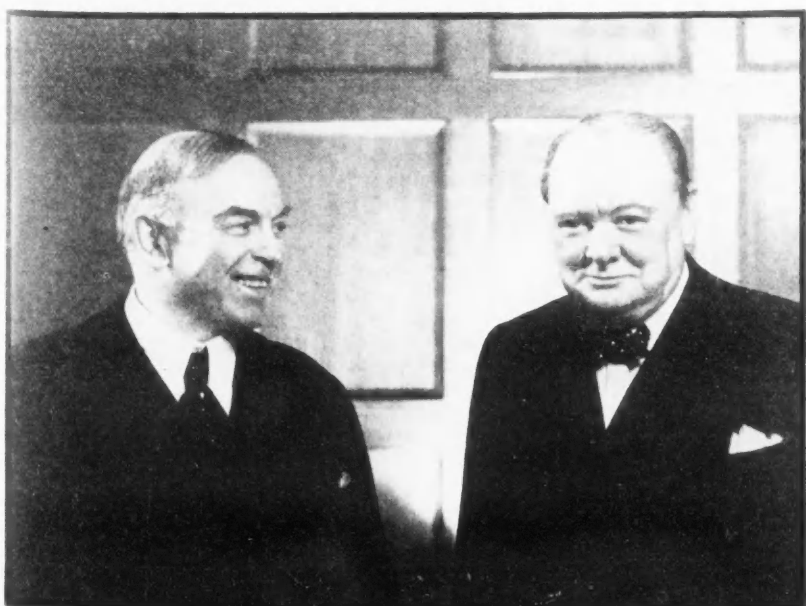
On "Shooting" Churchill

THE remarkable portrait of Mr. Churchill on the front page of this issue, and the portrait of Mr. Churchill and Mr. King together on this page were both made for SATURDAY NIGHT by Yousuf Karsh of Ottawa, in the chambers of the Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Bennett. They were made immediately after the great speech in the Commons Chamber. Mr. Churchill, who puts an immense amount of nervous energy into his speeches, and who had a very busy day in Ottawa, was reluctant to give even five minutes being photographed. Here is Mr. Karsh's description of the operation:

my mind as to the attitude I wanted him to give me.

"He said that he would stand for one photograph only, and grudgingly stuck his cigar in his mouth and prepared to pose. But I had prepared an ashtray in advance and said: 'Sir, I have an ashtray all prepared for you.' I gave him no choice, and removed the cigar from his mouth. (I had no sooner placed it in the ashtray than it was immediately picked up and pocketed as a souvenir by one of those present.)

"After it was all over Mr. Churchill shook hands with me most amiably and said: 'Well, you can certainly make a roaring lion stand still and be photographed.'"



Prime Ministers Fraternize at Ottawa

—Photo by Karsh.

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SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY 10, 1942

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

Many Difficulties in Price Control Operation



Last week, Axis forces continued to take a shellacking from the British. The R.A.F. went into action at Tripoli, main Axis supply port more than 400 miles west of the Agadabia area. Above: British troops prepare to go over the top in modern warfare. They are running to light American tanks, many of which are being used by the British in Libya.



Above: During one British advance in Libya, the troops were subjected to the various hazards of a desert cloudburst which flooded tank ditches and bogged down motor vehicles. In this picture, water is pouring into a tank trap. Below: A group of Italian prisoners waiting to be transported to a prison camp. Axis forces in the desert have been estimated by Prime Minister Churchill to be 130,000 to date, only 15,000 have been taken prisoner. Early this week, the Nazis were fighting a rearguard action around Agadabia, some 71 miles south of the town of Bengasi, which had already fallen to the British. The heavy bombing raids on Tripoli indicate that this to be Auchinleck's next objective. An authoritative British source has explained the recent apparent lull in the Libyan campaign as due directly to a "race for supplies" in which the British and German commands are straining every effort towards reinforcing their forces. The British are rushing up fresh men and equipment to maintain the impetus of General Auchinleck's Eighth Army while the Axis is seeking to reinforce Rommel through Tripoli.



PRICE control in Canada has been launched without serious mishap. The public was not so much frightened by the spectre of inflation which was raised by government officials as it was aided by the magnitude of the preventive scheme itself, so it is keeping an open mind on the question of whether the cure is worse than the disease. The housewife has reacted at the idea of being engulfed in a giant Gestapo. But there is a widespread willingness to give the scheme a fair trial. Indeed, most of the communications received by the control office have been from business men who want to keep within the law and are even ready to learn backward in their endeavor. In this attitude we are inclined to think that the people have accepted the best features and rejected the worst, for we only hope for a degree of success rests on cooperation and self-discipline rather than on a policy of with-hold and the killing of the man's hand against another.

The scheme is now in its time of trial and temptation, speaking for laws and means of meeting the trial. It is a period with which it was anticipated. This testing period will test the honesty and will undoubtedly be marked by growing complacencies as the busy springtime has arrived to

BY ALBERT C. WAKEMAN

The price control scheme has been safely launched but is now in its testing period. Already several important changes have been made in the regulations, and more are certain to come.

The difficulties seem to revolve in the main about new and seasonal goods, used goods, and export prices.

the minutiae of business transactions. If the details all resolve themselves in accord with the original formulae then we may experience a period of that complete regulation which is the goal of the economic planner. That numerous difficulties are being encountered is evident from certain criticisms which have already been made in the public domain. Some of these are as follows:

On November 30 the day before the control started, furs were exempted from the selling. Moreover, the ban on freely exported "This will mean," said the announcement,

"that domestic prices for raw and dressed fur skins will bear the usual relationship to export prices and the Board, through its fur administrator will maintain close supervision to ensure that prices charged to consumers are fair and reasonable." Since the selling principle as expounded by the Board itself insists that prices must not rise, this made one breach in the wall even before the gates were shut. Presumably, if the price of fur goes up, any article with the least bit of fur on it, such as gloves, or bags, or a coat, will have to increase also.

On December 4 it was announced that prices for Christmas turkeys would be allowed to find their own levels in relation to carload prices, which were fixed at 31 cents per pound in Vancouver and 30 cents per pound at Montreal and Toronto. The retail price presumably could be anything that might result from individual bargaining. Thus the principle of a retail price ceiling was abandoned in this case.

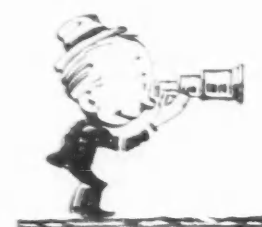
On December 4 Christmas trees were exempted from the price ceiling, on the ground that they are a seasonal commodity and there was no sale of them during the holiday period in which the price ceilings were set. This seems to violate the Board's

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

The Post-War Business Boom

BY P. M. RICHARDS

IT SEEMS to be generally assumed that business activity is going to become chaotic as soon as the war ends, when presumably, war spending and war production will stop abruptly. This belief, added to the present business uncertainties created by the general pressure of the war is already reflected in the general disposition of business leaders to adopt extremely conservative business policies, particularly in respect of manufacturing and sales efforts. Why spend money on all sorts of things when the demand is already greater than the supply, and when the prospect is that the money will be taken away with a vengeance when the war ends?



But it is true that a great post-war slump is inevitable. What about the shortage of all kinds of goods now being created by the diversion of so large a proportion of our productive resources into war materials and munitions? The aggregate of these shortages is already being met by a considerable number of emergency rationing and war-time regulations. If the war ends abruptly, the volume of unsatisfied demand will be enormous, probably sufficient to create a crisis for all who want to. The immediate government action whereby to make this period of shortage will be provided by the rationing authorities in a variety of ways, supplemented if necessary by government-owned enterprises. When there is a large increase in the production of production goods, and when the necessary public purchasing power is assured, there will be business activity.

Needs of War-Ravaged Europe

What about Europe? The task of supplying war-ravaged and bombed Europe with her requirements will be a huge one. Is Britain, Russia and all the European countries other than Sweden will, for a considerable time to come, be busy enough at making good their own deficiencies, it is to Canada and the United States that they will have to look for their help. How far, and how long, will be the need for aid cannot be known, but it will be found.

Then there will be the big problem, the St. Lawrence Seaway, and underlain before the trans-Canada railway and the Federal District Capital, which the government is already considering for the promotion of post-war employment. And the matter will be continued for a time after

demobilization, to help tide them over the period of reconstruction into civilian life.

Then too, out of this war will certainly come a host of new goods and new services to enrich civilian life and create employment. Scientific advances made under the pressure of war needs will now flow to new industries and businesses, many of them entirely outside the knowledge of the man in the street today. These discoveries have already been made, and are being made daily, and will quickly be adapted to peacetime uses. Forward-looking corporations are already doing research work on such adaptations.

Even in the field of armament production itself, it is probable that the end of the war will not bring the total stoppage that is now imagined. The victorious Allies will presumably have to set a world police for years after the war and will need a continuing support machine.

We can probably assume, then, that there will be plenty of business activity after the war, and also plenty of new business competition.

Who Will Get the Business?

What companies will get this post-war business? Will it be those which, because they are now busy on war orders or are supplying a civilian need which exists in our capacity to produce—any not belonging to maintain their customary sales relationships with the existing public or those which are maintaining their relationships of present capacity demand? The answer is obvious. The established companies of great reputation whose products or services are well and favorably known to the consuming public will have the public's preference then as now. It is to them that the public will primarily look to supply the new goods and services arising after the war, and the volume of business enjoyed by the new post-war firms will largely be at the expense of those concerns which failed during the war to maintain their sales relationships with the public.

It is probably true that individual business success or failure in the post-war years will be very largely determined by the extent to which the business in question has maintained sales relationships during the war years. Business concerns should not only strive to keep their names and those of their products constantly before the public, they should also seek to maintain desire for a product even though the immediate satisfaction of that desire is not possible. For if that desire is not maintained and the public is permitted to accustom itself to the lower standard of living of the war period, it may be very difficult or impossible to recede that desire after the war.



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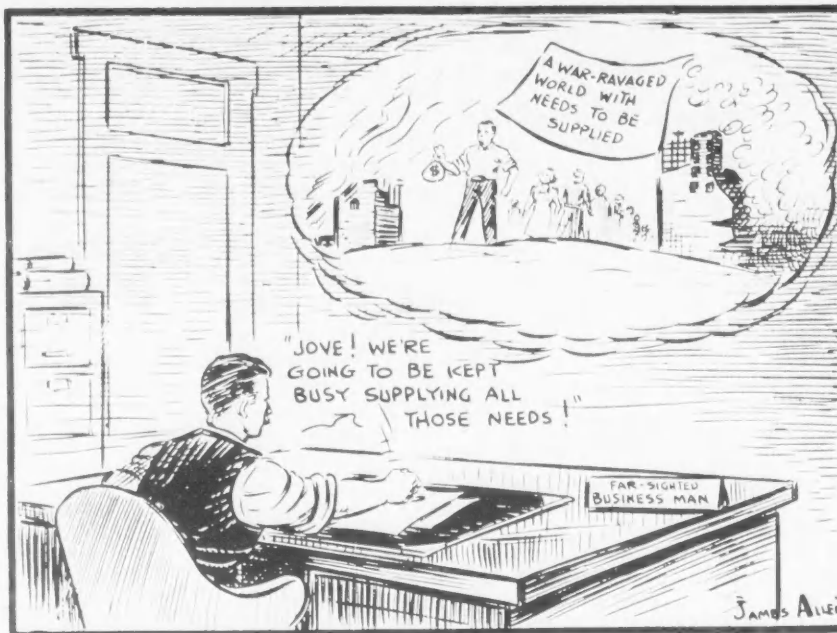
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THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

TIP TOP

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Please give me your opinion of the common stock of Tip Top Tailors. Do you think the stock has anything to recommend it at all?

R. S. M., Vancouver, B.C.

Yes, I do; both for income and for appreciation. Continued payment of the 60-cents-per-share dividend seems assured.

I understand that net profits for 1941 will be satisfactory, although they will show a slight decline from 1940's \$219,394 equal to \$1.24 per share. The company's labor costs are higher, taxes are booming and there has been no compensating rise in the price of the finished product because of government restrictions. Civilian sales have been running about 35 per cent ahead of 1940 and gross business, including government contracts, is well up over last year. There has been no serious difficulty in obtaining British materials.

MONTREAL POWER

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Please tell me what you think of the common stock of Montreal Light, Heat & Power. Do you think that earnings in 1941 will show any increase over those shown in 1940?

H. L. M., Toronto, Ont.

Yes; but only a slight improvement. Indications at the present time are that earnings of Montreal Power in the year ended December 31, 1940, will run slightly over \$1.80 per share, as compared with \$1.77 in the previous year. Operating revenues in 1940 reached a new all-time peak of somewhere near \$30,000,000, but higher taxes and heavier costs prevented any real earnings gain.

The outlook is for continued humming business in the Montreal area as a result of wartime activity, ensuring a steady upsurge of demand for electrical power for industrial purposes. Even so, I don't think you can expect any great upturn in earnings, for increased corporate taxes will probably whittle them down. Operating costs are well controlled.

Interest charges are somewhat smaller and will be further reduced by the recent refunding offer made to holders of \$14,910,200 of 3 per cent note certificates of a 20-year 3½ per cent first mortgage bond. Because only a small part of the company's securities are held in the United States, the portion of debt payable in United States funds is negligible and the premium on such money will not be burdensome. So that there will be no great drag on earnings in that respect.

There is still some possibility that the generating properties of Montreal's subsidiary, Beauharnois, will be taken over by the government. How-

ever, the company spent about \$4,000,000 on Beauharnois in 1941 and plans to spend somewhere near another \$3,000,000 in 1942. So that it is evident that no immediate move to expropriate the properties is expected by the company. In any case, I think a fair price would be obtained.

All in all, the outlook for Montreal Power has improved slightly, but with good coverage of the \$1.50-per-share dividend by no means assured. I would say that the stock had little more than average appeal.

SUSSEX MANGANESE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Please give me any information you can about Sussex Manganese Mining Company, which I believe is a new venture down in the Maritimes. Information as to capitalization, location, progress and about manganese itself would be appreciated.

A. W. W., Toronto, Ont.

Sussex Manganese Mining Co. is capitalized at 50,000 shares and its property is located about seven miles from Sussex, N.B. A 100-ton concentrator was recently put into operation and officials expect to produce about 35 tons of high-grade concentrates daily, for which a good demand exists.

The company commenced operations about a year ago and has reported steady progress. Financing, I understand, was largely done privately. A large amount of ore has been stockpiled and first production will come from this. There are two disclosures on the property, one of high-grade and the other disseminated, but I have not seen any estimate of the extent of the ore available for treatment. A shaft is being sunk and the old opening, about 40 feet in depth, is being cleaned out to permit an examination of the main vein.

Manganese is one of the most vital strategic metals and is in demand for the manufacture of munitions. Higher grades are used in the manufacture of dry batteries. In recent years no manganese deposits of commercial size and uniform grade have been discovered in the Dominion.

ARNTFIELD

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have a few hundred dollars to invest and am considering a gold stock, and again coming to you for advice. Will you suggest one in the penny class which you think might be a good speculation?

A. E. M., Regina, Sask.

It is hazardous to advise anyone to purchase "penny stocks" because if they are "a good speculation," naturally, they should be selling at a higher price. However, I think Arntfield Gold Mines offers attraction, as recent developments provide more encouragement than the company

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Chartered Accountants

Toronto

Kirkland Lake



WAR CALLS FOR THRIFT

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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 220

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of two per cent in Canadian funds on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st January 1942 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Monday, 22nd February next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st December 1941. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

A. E. ARSCOTT

General Manager

Toronto, 12th December 1941

Penmans Limited

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that the following Dividends have been declared for the quarters ending the 31st day of January, 1942.

On the Preferred Stock, one and one-half per cent (1½%), payable on the 2nd day of February to Shareholders of record of the 21st day of January, 1942.

On the Common Stock, seventy-five cents (75c) per share, payable on the 16th day of February to Shareholders of record of the 5th day of February 1942.

By Order of the Board

Montreal,
January 5, 1942

C. B. ROBINSON,
Secretary-Treasurer

has had for years. New finances, \$75,000, have been secured, without capital reorganization which permits additions and improvements to the mining plant, large-scale development, wiping out of debts as well as providing working capital.

The No. 3 orebody, most promising so far located, appears to apex just above the 625-foot level, and improves as greater depth is reached. On the 625-foot floor a length of 30 feet was opened and on the next horizon at 775 feet, the length exposed was 120 feet, with an additional 100 feet indicated by diamond drilling. Drifting on the 925-foot level has opened a length of 280 feet and officials are hopeful of exposing more ore. Downward extension of the orebody was recently encountered on the 1,075-foot level. Diamond drill intersections on this horizon gave a length of at least 340 feet with greater width and values, and the face of the crosscut returning \$25 over 23 inches.

The mill, now handling around 150 tons daily, has a capacity for 400 tons, and is to be stepped up to 250 tons. Values in the No. 3 orebody are considerably above mine average and a grade of about \$7 is expected. As costs of approximately \$3 a ton have been established a good profit is indicated.

GOLD & DROSS

GUNNAR

For Gold & Dross:
and not receive the Gunnar Gold
and for the second half of 1941,
would appreciate hearing what
happened. Any information you
give me as to the future prospects
be welcome?

—P. L. T., Victoria, B.C.

Gunnar Gold Mines did not pay the
ordinary November dividend due to
unfavorable mine developments.
Recent results from operations have
been somewhat disappointing, work
having maintained ore reserves.
Directors fear that present earnings
will not continue unless there is a
marked improvement in the ore posi-
tion, and the life of the mine will be
determined from results obtained in
the extensive exploration program
now proceeding to a depth of 2,000
feet.

To the Holders of the First and
Refunding Mortgage 5%, Thirty
Year Gold Bonds of

MONTREAL TRAMWAYS COMPANY

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to the
holders of the First and Refunding
Mortgage 5%, Thirty Year Gold Bonds
(hereafter referred to as the "First
Mortgage Bonds") of MONTREAL
TRAMWAYS COMPANY (hereinafter
referred to as the "Company") issued
and secured by Deed of Trust
dated as of July 1, 1911 and amended
subsequent thereto in favour of the
designated Trustees, that the Scheme
of Arrangement under Division III (a)
of the Quebec Railway Act, dated
March 15, 1941, between the Company
and the holders of its First Mortgage
Bonds and the holders of its General
and Refunding Mortgage Sinking Fund
Bonds, became binding on all the
holders of such Bonds on the respec-
tive Trustees for the Bondholders, and
the Company, on the 27th day of
December 1941.

Pursuant to the Scheme of Arrange-
ment, all holders of First Mortgage
Bonds are now required to surrender
their Bonds, in order to have endorsed
thereon or appended thereto a State-
ment of Extension of maturity interest
and of the other modifications in the
Scheme and to have attached
coupons for the semi-annual
interest thereon maturing on January
1, 1942 and on each July 1 and January
1 thereafter to and including July 1,
1943.

Holders of First Mortgage Bonds
in Canada must surrender
their Bonds for this purpose to:
National Trust Company, Limited,
225 St. James Street West,
Montreal, P.Q., Canada.

By physical delivery of Bonds at
the above address, or
By mailing Bonds to the above
address, in which case they
should be sent by registered
mail and insured.

Holders of First Mortgage Bonds re-
siding in the United States of America
or other parts of the North Ameri-
can Continent should also surrender
their Bonds to National Trust Com-
pany, Limited, Montreal, in the man-
ner indicated; or, at their option,
they may make physical delivery of
their Bonds to either of the follow-
ing: The Royal Bank of Canada,
68 William Street,
New York City, or to Harris Trust
Savings Bank, 115 West Monroe
Street, Chicago, by whom the Bonds
may be forwarded to National Trust
Company, Limited, Montreal.

In every instance Bonds must be
accompanied by a Letter of Transmis-
sion in the printed form prepared for
this purpose, fully completed and
signed by the holder. Forms of Let-
ters of Transmittal are being mailed
and undersigned to all holders of
First Mortgage Bonds whose addresses
are known, and copies can also be
obtained upon application to any of
the following:

National Trust Company, Limited,
225 St. James Street West,
Montreal, Canada, or
20 King Street East,
Toronto 2, Canada.
Harris Trust and Savings Bank,
115 West Monroe Street,
Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.
The Royal Bank of Canada,
68 William Street,
New York, N.Y., U.S.A.

Bonds surrendered by residents of
the United States of America or of
other countries outside the British
Empire must also be accompanied by
a G of the Canadian Custodian
Agency Property, duly executed
by the undersigned to all Bondholders
in the United States whose addresses
are known, and copies can also be
obtained from any of the offices listed
above.

First Mortgage Bonds surrendered in
accordance with the foregoing direc-
tions will, as soon as reasonably pos-
sible after their receipt, be returned
to the holders in accordance with the
instructions contained in the Letters
of Transmittal (subject, where appli-
cable, to the Canadian Regulations
respecting Trading with the Enemy).

HARRIS TRUST AND SAVINGS
BANK
NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY,
LIMITED
Trustees.

Dated January 2, 1942

The company has maintained its
strong liquid position and at Sept.
30th, current assets exceeded current
liabilities by \$530,000, which is equiv-
alent to about 20 cents per share.
Looking to the future, Gunnar is test-
ing other properties. An option to
acquire an interest is held in a prop-
erty of some promise seven miles
to the north of the main mine. A
mining plant has been installed and
shaft-sinking is underway. While the
possibilities of this outside bet can-
not be determined until the present
development program is finished, it
is estimated that profits from treat-
ment of ore already indicated will
cover the initial outlay.

PAGE-HERSEY

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would like to get a reliable opin-
ion of the stock of Page-Hersey
Tubes, Ltd., and so I'm coming to
you. Can you tell me to what extent
this company is engaged in war
work?

J.R.O., Halifax, N.S.

Page-Hersey plants are operating
at capacity on war production. Since
pipes and tubes are vital to the pro-

secution of the war, the company has
found it necessary to eliminate civil-
ian requirements in order to care
for the war demands of this country.

Page-Hersey is turning out shell
forings, boiler tubes for corvettes,
minesweepers, destroyers and other
naval craft and cargo vessels; pipe
for gun mountings, army truck
superstructures and seats, as well as
pipe for use in the construction of
R.C.A.F. hangars, air fields, army
barracks and essential munitions
plants. Pipe being made by the com-
pany is also being used for the min-
ing and refining of nickel, alumin-
um, lead, zinc and other needed war
metals.

Sales in 1941 will show, it is esti-
mated, only small gains over 1940 and
it is not expected that earnings will
advance much over 1940's \$5.41 per
share.

During coming months, capacity
operations are ensured by the high
rate of plant construction in Canada,
but profits will be limited by higher
taxes and the ceiling on prices and
wages.

All in all, I think the stock has
appeal for income, though apprecia-
tion possibilities appear limited.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

The CYCLICAL or major direction of New York stock market
prices was confirmed as downward in early May, 1940. The SHORT-
TERM movement was confirmed as upward on June 12.

REPRESSIVE FORCES ACTIVE IN DECEMBER

During December the New York stock market was subjected to a
number of repressive forces. These included (1) the involvement
of the two remaining major world powers—Japan and the U.S.A.—in
the war, (2) the severe losses sustained by the American and British
navies in the Far East, (3) realization that Japan's air power, relative
to Allied forces in the Pacific, had been underrated, (4) the heaviest
tax selling in years. During this interval the Dow-Jones industrial
average moved under its support level of mid-1940, but the rail
average refused to confirm such weakness.

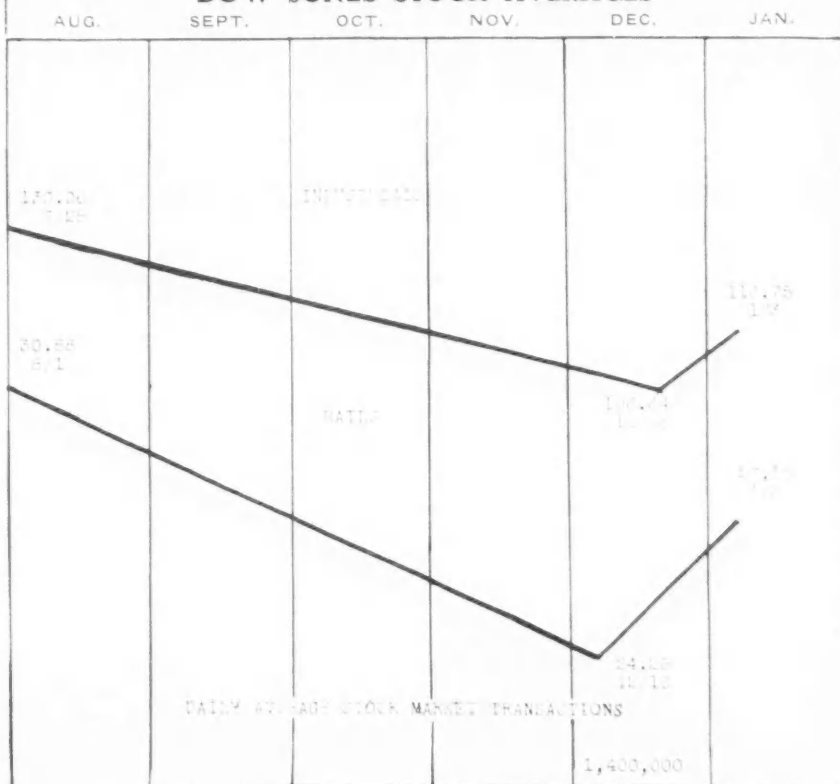
POST-RALLY SETBACK WILL PROVIDE TEST

Lifting of tax selling, at the year-end, removes, for some months
hence, this market depressant. It is natural that some rebound in
prices should be witnessed. The real test will come on the subse-
quent setback. If the two averages, after the year-end rally has
culminated, sell off again but refuse to jointly break their recent
support points and the market then climbs to above the points of the
first rally, some encouragement as to the future will be in order. Such
an upward zigzag formation would signal another intermediate ad-
vance, such as that of May to November 1940 and May to July 1941.

BEHAVIOR OF RAIL AVERAGE SIGNIFICANT

In view, however, of the failure of the rail average, in the De-
cember weakness, to sell below its 1940 support level, and in view of
the long duration of the decline beginning in early 1940, there would
be excellent grounds for the presumption that a major price reversal
also had been witnessed, should the upward zigzag develop as dis-
cussed above. Such reversal would receive actual confirmation if
the market, as reflected by the two averages, then succeeded in pen-
etrating its November 1940 high points, Industrials 138.12, Rails
30.29. Taking various investment considerations, as discussed in
these forecasts over recent weeks, into account, along with the high
yields on shares and the satisfactory dividend coverage, we continue
of the opinion that periods of market weakness afford an opportunity
for long-term and intermediate accumulation of stocks.

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EL. 1860



George Wilbur Spinney, left, General Manager of the Bank of Montreal, and Harold
Crabtree, right, President of Howard Smith Paper Mills and Allied War Supply
Company, who were this week elected directors of the Sun Life Assurance Company
of Canada. —Photos by International Press.



Tanks are loaded at a British port for shipment to Russia under a
British-Russian Lend-Lease agreement. At the present time Great Britain
is supplying huge quantities of war materiel to Russia's Armies.

ABOUT INSURANCE

Guard Against Incendiarism and Sabotage

BY GEORGE GILBERT

THOSE who are in a position to know by reason of their work as claim investigators state that it is easier to commit arson than any other crime on the criminal calendar. Every year in Canada many fires occur of unknown origin. For instance, in 1940, out of a total of 46,629 fires, involving a property loss of \$22,730,264, there were 5,876 fires, involving a property loss of \$10,560,212, whose cause was classed as unknown. There is good reason to believe that many of the fires so classified were of incendiary origin, but investigators were unable to secure sufficient evidence of an incriminating nature to warrant an arrest.

In order to secure a conviction for arson or incendiarism, it is necessary not only to prove that the building burned but that it burned as the result of the wilful and criminal act of some person. There is always the presumption that the accused is innocent and that the fire was of natural or accidental origin, which adds to the difficulty of establishing the commission of the crime. Also, the perpetrator may be miles away from the scene of the crime before the delayed ignition device starts the blaze. It has been pointed out before that there are more possible methods of starting an incendiary fire than there are ways of committing any other crime. While some of them are very ingenious, others are simple

When the saboteur incendiary contemplates attacking an industrial plant or shipping centre, he hopes to be successful not only in starting fires but in causing damage that is devastating. So he does all he can to delay discovery of the blaze, hinder the effective use of any automatic extinguishing equipment, and to make sure that the fire spreads rapidly.

Law enforcement agencies must be prepared in advance to cope with this particular form of sabotage.

in comparison.

Experience shows that the motives for arson are far more numerous than for any other criminal act. There is one class of incendiary fires which must be carefully and skillfully dealt with by the investigator—fires set for the furtherance of a cause, the attainment of a goal, or for personal gratification. Some of the motives behind such fires are listed as follows: 1. Acts of strikers to intimidate employers or to prevent scabs or strike-breakers from working; 2. To spread terror while riots are in progress; 3. To perpetrate sabotage; 4. To create confusion during mob activities; 5. As a means of forcing the payment of money as tribute to racketeering labor organizers; 6. For the purpose of vengeance or a means of retaliation.

With respect to fires set for the

purpose of sabotage, the indiscriminate discussion of the matter in the public prints and the alarming headlines which appear from time to time suggesting the possibility of sabotage in connection with fires or explosions that have taken place or with events or occasions that are about to take place, are deprecated by those charged with the task of investigating such occurrences, as publicity regarding sabotage, like publicity regarding other crimes, has a tendency to encourage some mentally deranged persons or enemy sympathizers to commit similar crimes.

It is admitted, on the other hand, that during wartime it is imperative that law enforcement agencies and business executives give serious consideration to such subjects as sabotage and particularly arson as a form of sabotage. It is essential that competent and experienced investigators should be constantly available to investigate fires where incendiarism in the form of sabotage is suspected. And the best time to begin the investigation is while the fire is still in progress, if that is at all possible.

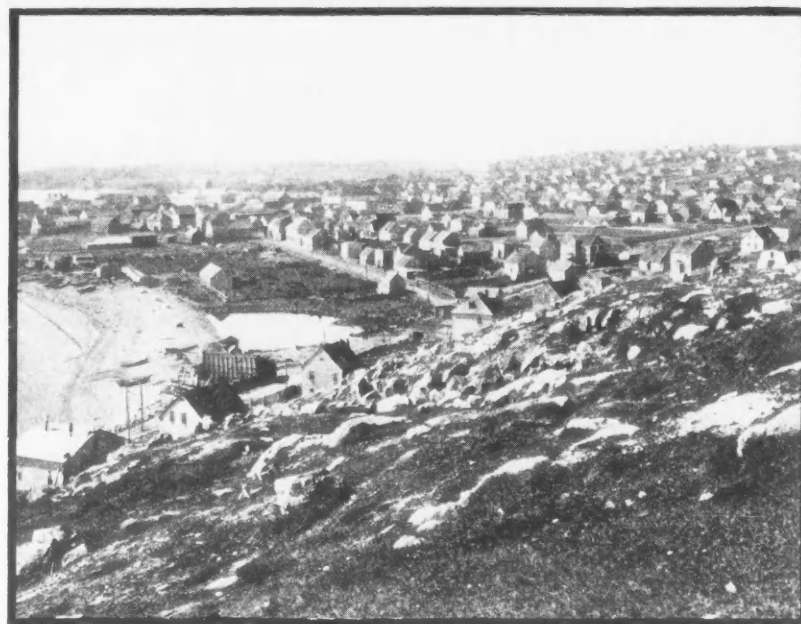
Industrial Fires

While fires generally and fires in industry in particular increased during the past year in Canada by between three and four per cent in amount, this cannot be regarded as a serious increase in view of the greatly expanded industrial effort which took place during the twelve months. So far as known, the loss from sabotage fires has been small, and for this favorable showing up to the present much credit is due the various provincial fire marshals and fire commissioners, the fire chiefs, police authorities, and insurance officials charged with the duty of inspecting business premises and industrial plants. But it must not be assumed that vigilance can be relaxed by any means; on the contrary, it must be increased as the war spreads and brings us face to face with a new enemy on the Pacific.

As a result of the investigations carried out where sabotage was suspected, valuable lessons have been learned. The lack of adequate and modern fire fighting equipment has been made apparent in several cases, and the need of additional trained firemen has been forcefully brought to the attention of the authorities in some places. The inadequacy of the fire protection equipment in various plants has been made plain. The desirability of having trained men in industrial establishments who can handle first aid fire fighting apparatus has been demonstrated. The fact that much damage can be done where there is delay in sounding the fire alarm has also been illustrated.

Expert fire investigators have also recently brought to the attention of plant managers and law enforcement officers the need of proper police protection in war industries against potential saboteurs and those bent on destruction of industrial facilities for the purpose of vengeance. In many plants elaborate precautions are now being taken, so that the danger of damage from such causes is being reduced to a minimum.

In some plants engaged in war work, surveys and recommendations have been made by law enforcement officers with a view of protecting



St. Pierre, principal trading centre on the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, which a fortnight ago were seized by Free French forces under Vice-Admiral Muselier, Free French naval chief. Pretext for the seizure was the claim that radio stations in the islands were broadcasting weather reports which were aiding the enemy. Reactions to the raid on the islands in Washington were unfavorable, for Washington has been careful not to offend Vichy, believing that no French possessions in this hemisphere would compensate for the outright surrender of the French Fleet to the Germans. Indications early this week were that the two islands — only 93 square miles in area — would go back to Vichy.

existing vulnerable spots subject to the attack of the criminal. But these recommendations do not always take into consideration the requirements of the situation from a fire protection standpoint. That is to be expected, as the training of police officials does not equip them as a rule for this type of service. Close cooperation between these police officials and fire prevention engineers when these surveys are made is therefore necessary if satisfactory results are to be obtained.

It must be remembered, as one expert investigator has pointed out recently, that any form of arson or incendiarism committed on a war industry obstructs production and has the same effect as the most carefully planned fires set by agents of an enemy country hired to commit acts of sabotage. That is, war orders can be delayed just as easily by fires set by mobsters, strikers, rioters, dis-

gruntled or discharged employees, criminals setting fires to cover up some other crime such as burglary or embezzlement, pyromaniacs, alcoholics, or even juveniles, as by those set by professional arsonists employed to deliberately set fires in order to stop production, create bottlenecks or halt transportation.

It can thus be easily understood why law enforcement agencies must constantly pay close attention to incendiarism of any kind which occurs in a war industry or in the transportation facilities of their communities. It has also been recommended that every police organization in a town or city of any size have a special detail to investigate fires of suspicious origin. In cities where arson squads have been established, the investigation work is found to be far more effective than where arson cases are treated as routine criminal investigations.

INQUIRIES

Editor, About Insurance:

As a reader of your paper, would appreciate receiving a statement of the strength and standing of the following two life insurance companies: The Equitable Life of Canada, Waterloo, Ont. and The Mutual Life of Canada, Waterloo, Ont.

— S. E. W., Vancouver, B.C.

The Equitable Life Insurance Company of Canada was incorporated and commenced business on November 19, 1920, and formerly operated under provincial charter and license, but since August 1, 1936, it has been carrying on business under Dominion charter and registry. At the beginning of 1941, the latest date for which Government figures are available, its total admitted assets were \$12,695,621, while its total liabilities except capital amounted to \$12,180,306, showing a surplus as regards policyholders of \$515,315. As the paid up capital amounted to \$327,155, there was thus a net surplus of \$188,160 over capital, policy reserves and all liabilities. Its total income in 1940 was \$1,813,590, and its total disbursements, \$1,145,252. Its insurance in force at the beginning of 1941 was \$37,765,544.

The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada was originally incorporated in 1869 by an Act of the Ontario Legislature, and was re-incorporated in 1878 by an Act of the Parliament of Canada. Since 1879 it has been operating under Dominion charter and registry. At the beginning of 1941 its total admitted assets were \$196,504,542, while its total liabilities amounted to \$189,646,816, showing a surplus of \$6,857,726 over policy reserves and all liabilities. Its total income in 1940 was \$31,212,635,

and its total expenditure, \$21,393,330. Its total insurance in force at the beginning of 1941 was \$557,729,126.

Both companies occupy a sound business and financial position, and are safe to insure with. All claims are readily collectable. If you took a policy with either company you would be making no mistake.

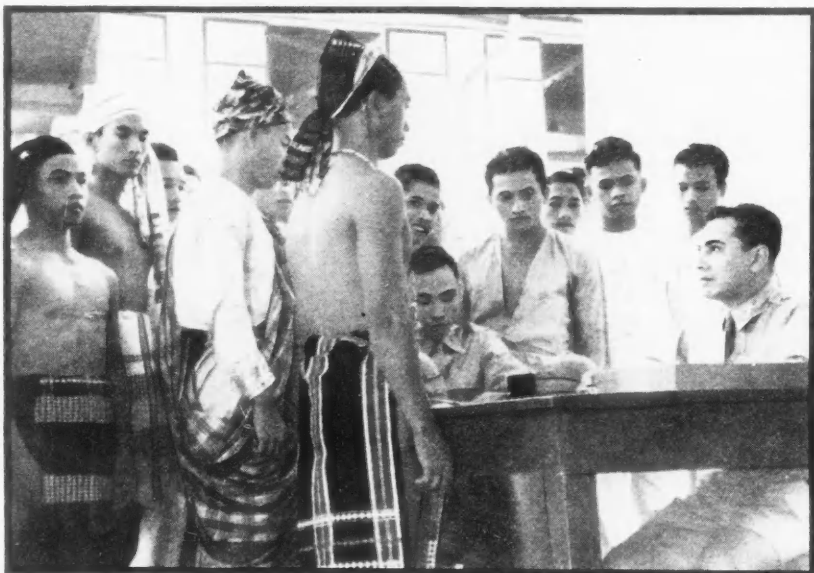
Editor, About Insurance:

Can you inform me as to the financial standing in Canada of the Phoenix Assurance Company, Limited—that is, the relation of its assets in Canada towards its liabilities in Canada—showing the protection afforded holders of its policies in this country?

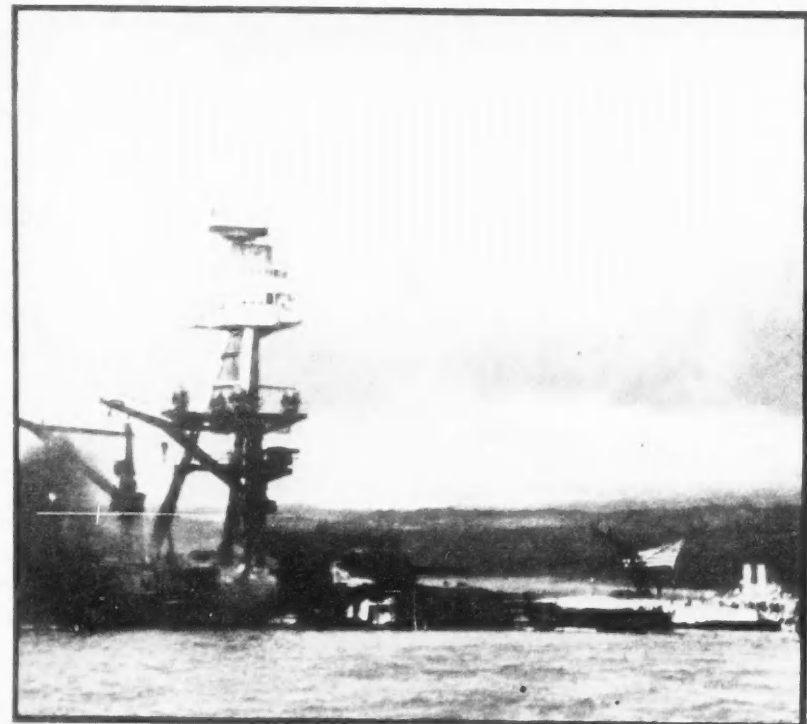
F. B. D., London, Ont.

Phoenix Assurance Company, Limited, with head office at London, Eng., and Canadian head office at Montreal, was organized in 1782, and commenced business in Canada in 1804. It operates under Dominion registry, and is regularly licensed for the transaction of business throughout the country.

At the beginning of 1941, the latest date for which Government figures are available, its total assets in Canada were \$2,493,933, while its total liabilities in this country amounted to \$954,164, showing an excess of assets in Canada over liabilities in Canada of \$1,539,769. Comparing this amount with the amount of its unearned premium liability in Canada, \$721,734, it will be seen that the company occupies a very strong financial position in relation to the volume of business transacted. All claims are readily collectable, and the company is safe to insure with.



In two hours at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, the Japanese did what two years of war in Europe had failed to do—aroused the American nation. Below is the hulk of the U.S. battleship "Arizona" which was bombed and destroyed in the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor. Late last week Japanese attacks on American possessions in the Pacific were intensified, with particularly determined assaults being made on the Philippines; already the capital, Manila, has fallen and the position of American forces in the island is described as "critical". Above: tribesmen from the interior seek to enlist in General MacArthur's small, hard-fighting Philippine Army.



Citrine-Bevin Labor Scrap

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

Sir Walter Citrine and Ernest Bevin, British Minister of Labor, have been quarrelling publicly about the disposition of British labor.

Sir Walter claims that British workmen are needed in the factories to help equip the great armies of Russia which alone can match Germany in manpower; that Britain can never hope to raise an Army the size of the Reichswehr. And yet the Army continues to grab workmen.

ards of living, but also for equipping thoroughly the Forces, are popularly blamed to War Office greed for men. But it was the War Office which came to the rescue, normally through the intervention not of the Ministry of Labor but of the Ministries directly concerned, of agriculture and certain branches of heavy and mechanical industry. The Ministry of Labor has had full powers over the nation's labor for a long time, and the plain fact is that it has not used them widely enough nor wisely enough.

So Sir Walter Citrine's proper line of attack was not on a line of principle, which in any case was untenable since he himself shared it, but on the question of practice.

Curiously Complacent

And here there is a point which is far more important than the fundamentally petty point about whether the army should be a thousand men bigger or smaller. The basic thing to understand is that a charter was given to the Ministry of Labor to do whatever was necessary to fill the ranks of the army up to a specified size and to do so with the minimum of interference to essential economic processes. And to move labor—like that of young girls of 20 to 25, which only now is being shifted away from shops into factories—in order to complete industrial ranks where they lost to military ones. Mr. Bevin, who has eaten so much fire to serve the Army, has been curiously complacent, so far as his actions tell, about industry.

This is the root of the whole problem and the only basis on which this unseemly altercation between two great public figures has been founded. There is still a great deal lacking in our labor policy. Maybe there has been some margin of error in estimating the required strength of the Army, but it cannot have been large, and the Government would not be doing its duty if it did not ensure that any error was on the right side. The big failing has been in delaying and miscalculating the necessary labor replacements, in not devising a comprehensive schedule for industry that would permit no "lily" occupations at this stage of the war. Sir Walter might ask these questions, which are not the questions of a quivering, of Mr. Bevin.

plied. Who is right?

So much is hidden from the layman that it would be rash to criticize the War Cabinet's policy. But there are some things beyond dispute, with a significance beyond argument. A finely-articulated manpower program is necessary because a nation at war is not merely a nation which needs tanks and ships and planes, but also because it is still a nation which needs to be sustained at a reasonable level of living. That is a fact of military importance. The coal industry will not be able to build up in time for the blackness of winter a stock big enough to prevent serious rationing. It cannot do so because it lacks labor. On any reading of the position that should not have happened. Farmers have cried out for men to get their harvests in and prepare for next season's crop, and the Army has released some men to help. That should not have been necessary. Many war industries have had their skilled men drafted into the Forces, under the more recent reservation schedules, and war production has suffered accordingly. That is proof of error.

The Scapegoat

Where Mr. Bevin is fortunate is that the War Office scapegoat is always there to carry whatever sins his Department commits. These labor shortages in industries vital not only for maintaining the essential stand-

PERHAPS the most regrettable thing about the animated controversy between Mr. Ernest Bevin and Sir Walter Citrine is that it is obscuring the essential manpower question in the minds of the British public. One would think that such plain and sharp talking as the two Transport House leaders have been indulging in would make the issue crystal clear, but it is not so. Sir Walter accuses Mr. Bevin—and through him the Government—of prosecuting a program of prodigality. He says that Britain can never hope to rival the great armies of Germany, and that her concentration should be on equipment. The Government's view, as explained by Mr. Churchill recently, is the same. Sir Walter says that now, particularly, when the great manpower of the U.S.S.R. is ours in alliance and ours for equipping, we should think many times before taking a man out of overalls or corduroys and putting him into khaki. Mr. Bevin does not deny it. Then, says Sir Walter, why in Heaven's name are we allowing the War Office to grab men, while industry and agriculture shout for them in vain?

There is no real difference in principle between these two, and the public is confused because the controversy is being conducted as though there were. The difference is in the reading of the needs of the moment, whether the principle of an eclectic use of manpower is being rightly ap-

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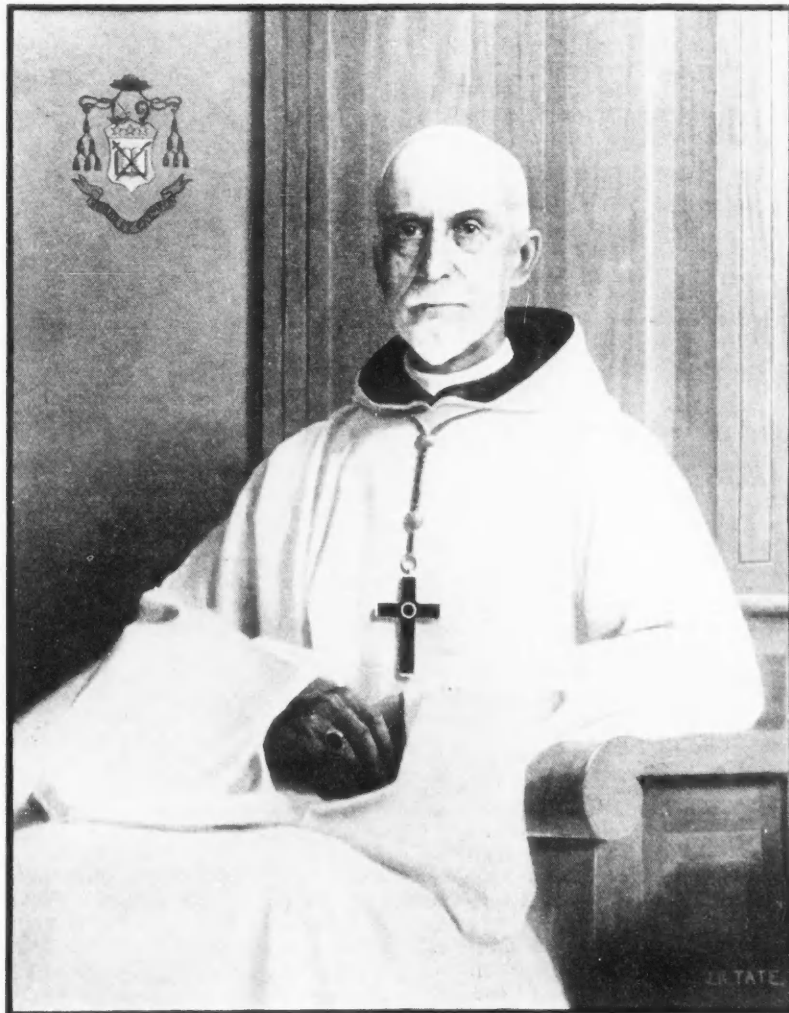


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SATURDAY NIGHT,

The Canadian Weekly

Our New and Deadly Enemy—the Nipponese

BY HARRY STRANGE

CANADA and her Allies are now faced with another dangerous and strong opponent—Nippon. I use the word Nippon in preference to that of Japan because an understanding of ancient Nippon, rather than of modern Japan, is necessary if we are to comprehend the nature of our new foe and of the peril that now faces Canada in the Pacific.

For over fifteen hundred years, the Nipponese have been, according to certain standards, a civilized and cultured race, and for only eighty years have they been in contact with our largely material western civilization.

The only people considered of consequence in ancient Nippon were first the Samurai, or knightly fighting men, who maintained order and who defended the Emperor, the Dai-myo or feudal lords and the country; next the farmers who tilled the soil; and still lower in the social scale those skilled artisan workers who manufactured arms, armor, utensils, tools, implements and clothing. Merchants who engaged in trade and commerce had but little standing or respect in the community.

During the eighty years that the inhabitants of Nippon have been in contact with our Western world, they have made amazing progress in Western specialized fields of endeavor. They have become, in that comparatively short space of time, a first-class world power, possessing a large and highly efficient army and navy and a fleet of fine merchant ships. They have learned everything in the way of industry, of finance and banking, of trade and commerce, and of engineering, which we had to offer, and particularly have they absorbed, like a sponge, and put to efficient and skilled use, the naval and military information which the Western nations so freely and so generously made available to them. I remember, for instance, when I was a young man, how assiduously the many Japanese engineering students applied themselves to their studies in a great North of England warship building plant, where I worked side by side with them for several years.

THE modern Japanese people appear now to have discarded entirely their ancient customs and ideas and seem to have become a part of our Western civilization. Observing this, most of us are inclined to apply to the Japanese, in order to predict their conduct, the same standards with which we measure and assess the conduct and character of white races.

Nothing, I suggest, could be more erroneous or more dangerous, for the truth is that Nipponese habits of living, of thinking, of behavior, and particularly of emotional feeling have all been definitely and finally set by many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years of a severe national and family discipline that is quite different from our own.

And so actually the Japanese have been but little touched by a mere eighty years of exposure to our Western ways, which ways, incidentally, in their inmost hearts they hold in complete contempt.

I assert with confidence, therefore, that the Western white man's standards of behavior and ways of life which, for convenience' sake, the Japanese have temporarily and superficially assumed, have been shed by them in recent weeks as easily and as completely as we remove a light raincoat after a shower of rain. To understand the modern Japanese, then, we must study their character as it was in ancient Nippon before Admiral Perry knocked on their door.

FOR over a decade in the Pacific I had the most intimate and daily contact with numbers of Japanese of all classes, and what is perhaps more to the point, I had at the same time considerable to do with Koreans, Chinese and Filipinos, who understand the Japanese better than we do and who were always eager to warn white people of Japanese ambitions in the Pacific. Incidentally, all the Pacific races, without exception, dis-

The Japanese are a ferocious and ruthless enemy, more dangerous to us than is Germany, asserts the writer of this article, who lived and worked among them for many years. They are courageous and resourceful, trained to endure hardships, can work for longer hours and with more concentration than white people, and have no regard for their lives.

To defeat them, we should muster quickly all our resources and manpower. Mr. Strange says our army ought to be twelve divisions strong instead of six, with all twelve available for service anywhere.

like and distrust the Japanese.

I have visited and observed the main industrial cities of Japan where, superficially, the people appear to have adopted our Western ways, and I have also enjoyed visiting their quiet rural areas, where life flowed gently along, just as it had done for hundreds of years completely untouched by our Western ways and customs. In addition, I have had access to Nipponese histories and literature, and so I have been able to gain at least some slight knowledge of our new enemy. No white man, however, can ever learn much about the Japanese, for these people, in our presence, wear perpetual masks, and their real life and affairs are conducted, as it were, underneath an all-covering blanket of deceiving camouflage. And so only rarely does the white man have a brief glimpse of the true Japanese mind and heart.

Out of my contacts and studies, however, I have formed at least some ideas, and one conviction that I hold strongly is that we are today contending with a ferocious and ruthless enemy, of whose nature we know but little and who is in consequence far more dangerous to us than is Germany; indeed, the one word that comes to my mind in thinking of the Nipponese at war is *deadly*.

FOR hundreds of years, the Japanese have been taught, above everything else, the notion of self-suppression and of complete self-sacrifice. Their loyalty has never been to any set of principles, nor to good or bad faith, nor to standards of decency and honesty as we understand these things. Their loyalty has been solely to their Emperor, to their feudal lords, and to the ideals of their ancestors. The Nipponese have had drilled into them supremely high standards of thinking and of conduct, all with the simple object of developing within them, not only a willing, but actually an eager readiness to sacrifice their lives and their possessions instantly whenever called upon by their Emperor or by their leaders.

In war, the Nipponese have no regard whatsoever for their own lives or for the lives of others. They are exceedingly courageous and resourceful, and while small in stature, are physically strong; they have ever been ready to accept as a virtue intense suffering and hardship and have, moreover, been trained to live without luxuries and to survive under extraordinarily harsh conditions. They have remarkable memories and are amazingly imitative; they possess the power of working, both intellectually and physically, for longer hours and with a greater concentration than white people find possible. It is these characteristics that have enabled the Nipponese to make such astonishing advancement in so short a time in copying our Western ways and particularly in copying our military and naval art and science.

HAVE the Nipponese, then, no weaknesses? Most fortunately for us they have, and these do not consist only, as some suppose, in a scarcity and even lack of certain raw materials, but rather in certain grave defects in their make-up. These defects comprise an entire lack of imagination and inventiveness, coupled with a complete inability to conceive new ideas. It is these defects, I believe, even more than their lack of certain materials, which will in the end defeat them.

To defeat the Japanese, however, I believe we shall have to adopt some of the standards they hold for themselves; that is, we, too, shall have to develop a willingness to make extreme sacrifices for our country; and above all we shall have to muster quickly, for war purposes, our resources and all our manpower. I consider it is quite erroneous to think that we can defeat Japan by a mere blockade alone. Japan, like Germany, can only be defeated, I for one believe, by an armed invasion of their own lands, and this, we may be sure, will require a considerable army, and the task will not be an easy one, for no power has ever yet successfully invaded Nippon since those who now inhabit the Islands

took possession of them far back in the dim mists of the past.

The American Continent is more vulnerable to attack than any part of the world, because it is now open to the enemy on two ocean fronts. Canada is even more vulnerable than the United States, because Canada is nearer both to Germany and to Japan than is the United States. Canada, therefore, it seems to me, should most urgently, and in the most determined and even feverish fashion, arm herself to the utmost, and she should at once realize the extreme danger in which she now stands, just as Australia seems almost overnight, although rather belatedly, to have come to this conclusion.

ONCE again, therefore, I suggest, as I stressed in these very columns some eighteen months ago, that Canada's fighting manpower must all be mobilized and quickly. Every Canadian man of military age who is fit, without any exception, should be drafted into our armed forces now, and should at once be trained for battle service overseas. The very best defence of the United States and Canada against Japan will be conducted, I am sure, not on the shores of this continent, when our efforts would be too late and ineffective, but on the Islands of the

Pacific and eventually in Japan itself.

We should have drafted and trained such a Canadian Army, of course, long ago. But it is not even now too late, I believe, if we will only make haste. The minimum battle army that Canada should set for herself should consist, not of the five divisions which we now have in our active army for possible service overseas, and the one division, the sixth, which it is said can only serve in Canada itself, but should be at least twelve divisions strong, with a proper proportion of tank units, and all for service anywhere.

We must remember that it takes longer to train a fighting man for battle than it does to manufacture the arms that he will require. If all the men needed for an additional six divisions—to make a total of twelve—were placed in training camps tomorrow, the arms which they would need would be ready for them long before the soldiers themselves would be fit to stand in the battle line. No time, then, I urge, considering the extreme seriousness of the Pacific situation, should be lost. Canada must do her full share in supplying manpower in proportion to population with her Allies. To do less would be unthinkable.

Wavell Commands Pacific

BY COL. GEORGE DREW

THE appointment of General Sir Archibald Wavell offers many reasons for confidence and also answers a number of questions. When General Wavell was moved last year from Cairo to New Delhi it was openly stated in the press that he was being demoted because of the British reverses in Greece, Libya and Crete. His present appointment is the best possible answer to that suggestion. It also throws some light on what went on behind the scenes last Spring.

It has been an open secret since that time that General Wavell was strongly opposed to the plan to divert precious arms and equipment from Egypt and Libya to Greece. It is also an open secret that the Australian authorities were critical of that adventure which was largely responsible for the loss of Crete and the retirement of our forces in Libya after their brilliant successes of the early Spring. But while his known stand in regard to the movement of troops into Greece increased his popularity in Australia, it is not true that he was moved to India as punishment for his disagreement with the British authorities.

General Wavell was moved to India because of the possibility that the whole German attack would be concentrated in the South for a drive through the Caucasus which would open the gate to India as well as Egypt. While that threat has been temporarily removed by the magnificent stand of the Russian Army, and the surprising decision of the German High Command to attack simultaneously along the whole front, it must not be forgotten that the danger was, and still is, very real and that the Indian command was a vitally important post.

IN SPITE of the disappointment of the subsequent retirement, in the net result the Libyan campaign of last Spring was a brilliant military success. The man who planned and executed that operation is now in supreme command in one of the most critical theatres of the present war. When Sir James McBrien was Chief of the Canadian General Staff he visited the East and returned to Canada with the conviction that if war should come our fate would be substantially affected by the outcome of the struggle in the Orient. A few were then prepared to agree with the conclusions of General McBrien, but events have proved the accuracy of the observations of that great Canadian soldier. Now we find that we are very much affected by the outcome of the war in the Pacific, and the character and skill of General Wavell are matters of concern to every Canadian.

No other living British general has given so clear a picture of his own character and his own military theories. More than two thousand years ago Socrates had this to say about the necessary qualifications of a gen-

eral. "The general must know how to get his men their rations and every other kind of stores needed for war. He must have imagination to originate plans, practical sense and energy to carry them through." General Wavell fits into that definition in every particular. It is significant that he places the requirements of a successful general in the same order as Socrates and has frequently stated that before a general can originate plans or carry them into effect he must assure the organization of food and war supplies.

BUT Wavell has added another important qualification which he himself exemplifies to the highest degree. Only a few weeks before the outbreak of war General Wavell gave a series of lectures at Cambridge upon the subject of "Generals and Generalship." At the very outset he emphasized that in his belief the first essential of a good general is "the quality of robustness, the ability to stand the shocks of war."

In view of the position which he now commands his words have added importance for all of us. Over and over again he emphasized this quality of robustness. At another point in the lectures he said: "Delicate mechanism is of little use in war, and this applies to the mind of the commander as well as to his body, to the spirit of an army as well as to the weapons and instruments with which it is equipped. All material of war, including the general, must have a certain solidity, a high margin over the normal breaking strain. It is often said that British war material is unnecessarily solid; and the same possibly is apt to be true of their generals. But we are certainly right to leave a good margin."

General Wavell has always been a strong opponent of Red Tape and his opinions on this subject can best be summed up in his own words at the close of his lectures on the qualifications of a successful general:

"The British have been a free people and are still a comparatively free people; and though we are not, thank Heaven, a military nation, this tradition of freedom gives to our junior leaders in war a priceless gift of initiative. So long as this initiative is not cramped by too many regulations, by too much formalism, we shall, I trust, continue to win our battles—sometimes in spite of our higher commanders."

This is the man upon whom the outcome of the war in the Pacific now depends. His past achievements, and his clear vision justify confidence in the outcome.

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